

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

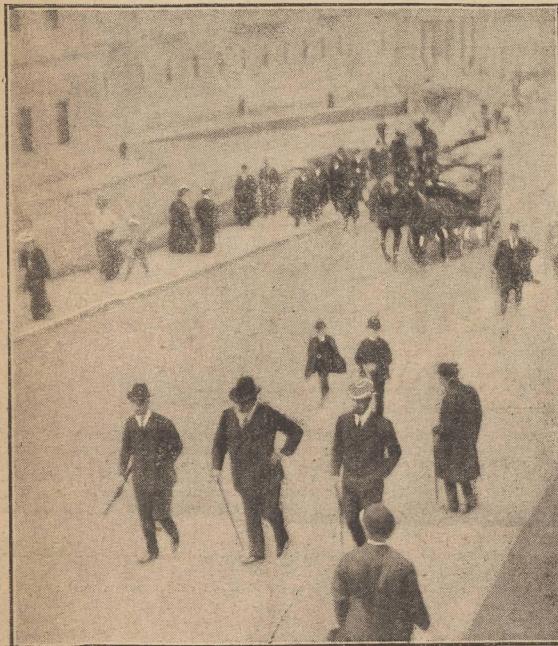
No. 562.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

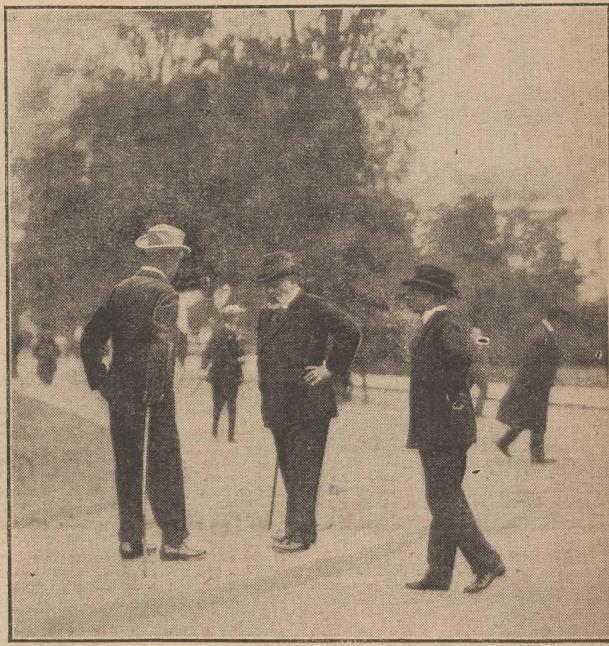
MONDAY, AUGUST 21, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

KING EDWARD'S HOLIDAY—SNAPSHOTS FROM MARIENBAD.

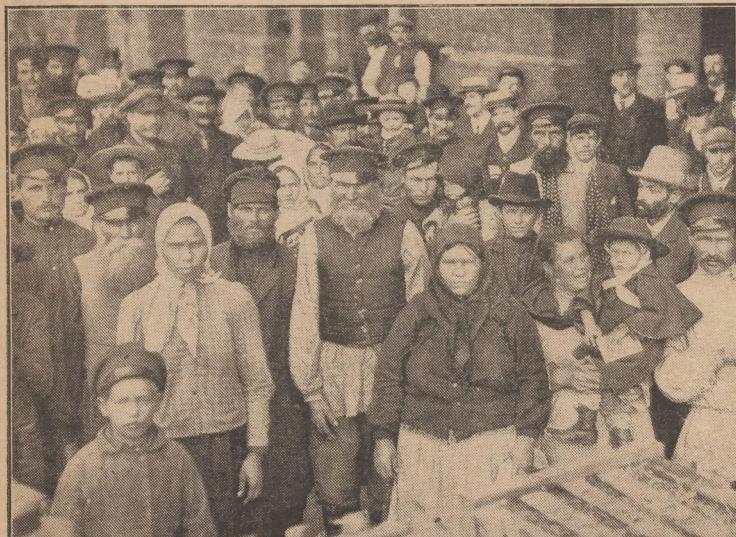


The King takes a constitutional in the streets of Marienbad. Special arrangements have had to be made to restrain the crowds that thronged about his Majesty whenever he went out of doors to such an extent as to become a serious nuisance.



King Edward conversing with his Marienbad physician, Dr. Ott (on the left), on the Kurpromenade at Marienbad. His Majesty is in excellent health, and is taking the "cure" as a precautionary rather than strictly curative measure.

RUSSIAN DOUKHOBOR EMIGRANTS FOR CANADA.



Some of the 472 Doukhobors, who arrived in London on Saturday by the ss. Cergei. They are on their way to Canada, where the Doukhobors, who are a Russian religious sect holding peculiar beliefs, have a settlement.—(Full particulars on another page.)

MOHAMMEDAN MISSIONARIES.



Sheikh Abdullah Quilliam, head of the Mohammedan fraternity in the British Isles (in the centre), photographed with the two Afghan priests who have come over from Kandahar to preach Islamism in this country.

All you have to do "ANSWERS"
is to carry this week's "ANSWERS"

£500 MONEY SHOWER.

"ANSWERS"

— WILL GIVE —

BANKNOTES AND GOLD

— TO —

300 Readers this Week.

CARRY "ANSWERS" AND WIN YOUR SHARE.

THE EDITOR OF "ANSWERS" has decided to absolutely give away £500 among those readers of "Answers" who will carry the current number for one day only. Mr. Answers or his assistants will visit 300 towns in the United Kingdom between Tuesday, August 22nd, and Saturday, August 26th, distributing this enormous sum, divided into £5 notes and sovereigns, among people they meet carrying "Answers." You have absolutely nothing to do to win this money but what you do every week of your lives. Buy "Answers" and carry "Answers." Look out for the day on which Mr. Answers or his assistants will visit your town, and on that day let everybody see that you have "Answers" in your hand. For in that twenty-four hours you never know where Mr. Answers or his assistants may be, and somebody must meet them and share in "Answers'" gold. It may be you.

Why are we doing this?

This week we publish the first instalment of one of the best serial stories that has ever appeared in "Answers." It is not claiming too much for it to say that there is not a single weak incident or character in "Zoo." You will talk about this serial story when every other serial story in the Press is forgotten. It has been our custom to spend huge sums on advertising our new stories. But so strong is the Editor's faith in this fine new novel that he is going to give away £500 to readers instead, to encourage them to show "Answers" everywhere and make people talk.

Here are the 300 towns where "Answers'" Gold will be given away and the visiting days:—

TO-MORROW, TUESDAY, AUGUST 22nd.

Norwich Moseley Rusholme Berwick Dumbarthen
Dover Middlesbrough Eccles Douglas Ealing
Folkestone Barnsley Seedley Rochdale Einfeld
Ramsgate Derby Cardiff Chorley Gorton
Hull Oldham Wolverhampton Durham Guildford
Bristol Aberdeen Bradford Dudley Hornsey
Bath Carlisle Leicester Devonport Hove
Southend-on-Sea Glasgow Portsmouth Gateshead-on-Tyne Ilford
Southampton Govan Bolton Exmouth Lynn
Rugby Hinning Park Darlington Brith Willesden
Sheerness Partick Halifax Handsworth Greenwich
Gravesend Pollokshields Scarborough Dublin
New Brompton Edinburgh Exeter Jarrow
Eastbourne Chester York Whitehaven Grimsby
Taunton Huddersfield Harrogate Luton Islington
Worthing Huddersfield Gainsborough Macclesfield Kilburn
Swindon Plymouth Woolwich Leamington Kennington
Bournemouth Newcastle-on-Tyne Perth Stockport Salford
Poole Colchester Preston Rochester Clapham
Reading Belfast Chatham Morecambe Brixton
Rhyd Belfast Salisbry Shilds Stoke Newington
Bexhill Swan ea Blackburn Smethwick Putney
Oxford Sunderland Livespool Westoe Littlehampton Shipton Blackheath
Clacton-on-Sea Walton Smallforne Motherwell Tipton
Weymouth Birkenhead Doncaster Aldershot Arleyn
Hirracombe Bootle Kingston-on-Thames Portobello Arleynham
Blackpool Everton Gloucester Portobello Arleynham
Lowestoft Aintree Gloucester Portobello Arleynham
Southport Seaford Portobello Arleynham
Brighton Coventry Ashton-under-Lyne Ashton-under-Lyne
Yarmouth Sheffield Rotherham Ashton-under-Lyne
Llandudno Birkenhead Andrie, R.B. Ashton
Weston-super-Mare Manchester Accrington Ayr
Hastings Pendleton Aberystwyth Bangor
Margate Broughton Barrow-in-Furness Barnstaple
Nottingham Cheetham Bacup Beckenham
Dunlee Longsight Ashton-under-Lyne Bingley
Leeds Levensholme Cork Dartford
Birmingham Withington Cambridge Deal

LONDON:

Camden Town Hammersmith Shepherd's Bush
Hampstead Shepherd's Bush
Luton Maida Vale
Macclesfield Kilburn
Woolwich Kennington
Leamington Clapham
Salford Rochester Brixton
Morecambe Shilds Stoke Newington
Westoe Littlehampton Shipton Putney
Smallforne Motherwell Tipton
Ashton-under-Lyne Ashton Arleyn
Aldrie, R.B. Ashton Arleynham
Accrington Ayr
Aberystwyth Bangor
Barrow-in-Furness Barnstaple
Bacup Beckenham
Longsight Ashton-under-Lyne Bingley
Levensholme Cork Dartford
Withington Cambridge Deal

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23rd.

Burton-on-Trent Kidderminster Mansfield
Northampton Cheltenham Ilkeston
Peterborough Leamington Shropshire
Aylesbury Llanelli Paisley
Canterbury Batley Boston
Dewsbury Bury St. Edmunds

Stockton-on-Tees

Wakefield

Warrington Keighley Worcester
Leith Pontypridd
Limerick Alloa
Londonerry Chichester
Shrewsbury Truro
Boston Winchester
Burton-on-Trent Workington

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24th.

Burton-on-Trent Kidderminster Mansfield
Northampton Cheltenham Ilkeston
Peterborough Leamington Shropshire
Aylesbury Llanelli Paisley
Canterbury Batley Boston
Dewsbury Bury St. Edmunds

Stockton-on-Tees

Wakefield

Warrington Keighley Worcester
Leith Pontypridd
Limerick Alloa
Londonerry Chichester
Shrewsbury Truro
Boston Winchester
Burton-on-Trent Workington

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25th.

Burton-on-Trent Kidderminster Mansfield
Northampton Cheltenham Ilkeston
Peterborough Leamington Shropshire
Aylesbury Llanelli Paisley
Canterbury Batley Boston
Dewsbury Bury St. Edmunds

Stockton-on-Tees

Wakefield

Warrington Keighley Worcester
Leith Pontypridd
Limerick Alloa
Londonerry Chichester
Shrewsbury Truro
Boston Winchester
Burton-on-Trent Workington

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26th.

Burton-on-Trent Kidderminster Mansfield
Northampton Cheltenham Ilkeston
Peterborough Leamington Shropshire
Aylesbury Llanelli Paisley
Canterbury Batley Boston
Dewsbury Bury St. Edmunds

Stockton-on-Tees

Wakefield

Warrington Keighley Worcester
Leith Pontypridd
Limerick Alloa
Londonerry Chichester
Shrewsbury Truro
Boston Winchester
Burton-on-Trent Workington

If you reside in either of these towns you have a good chance of winning a share of "Answers'" gold. There is only one rule for you to carry out, between August 22nd and August 26th never go into the streets without carrying "Answers" in your hand. During those days Mr. Answers or his assistants will be busy visiting these 300 places, and as soon as they arrive they will hand "Answers'" money to the first person they meet in each town carrying the current "Golden One."

You will not say a word to them. There is no catch phrase to remember. "Just carry "Answers'"—this number containing the first instalment of the great new short serial. That's all!"

Further particulars of Mr. Answers' Tour will be published in the "Daily Mail" with the list of winners.

MR. ROOSEVELT WARNS RUSSIA.

America Making Strenuous Efforts to Effect a Compromise.

MOMENTOUS MEETING.

Intimation That if Japan's Terms Are Refused Her New Demands Will Stagger the World.

The interest in the peace question between Russia and Japan has been transferred from Portsmouth to Oyster Bay.

Baron von Rosen, the Russian delegate, in response to an urgent invitation, visited President Roosevelt at that place and remained with him for some hours.

It is perfectly certain that the President of the United States is straining every nerve to avert the rupture which the world fears and anticipates will take place to-morrow, when the plenipotentiaries reassemble.

It is also considered that these efforts on the part of America are being warmly seconded not only by King Edward, but by President Loubet, and even the Kaiser himself. Both at Tokio and St. Petersburg great pressure is being brought to bear upon the Mikado and the Tsar with a view to relieving the present tension and clearing the way for modifications in demands on both sides.

KANEKO'S GREAT INFLUENCE.

As Reuter points out, Baron Kaneko is armed with extraordinary powers. He does not take his instructions from Baron Komura. He is in direct communication with Tokio, and is believed to regard favour the President's efforts to secure a settlement.

The ostensible purpose of the meeting of the Conference to-morrow (says Reuter) is the signing of the protocols agreeing to disagree, but in reality the adjournment is to permit each side to consult its Government.

The final decision, of course, rests with Tokio and St. Petersburg.

M. Witte is not yet prepared to yield on either point, but before to-morrow he may receive the Imperial sanction to surrender Saghalien. If Japan then holds out the Conference will be wrecked.

The Exchange Telegraph Company's New York representative wires that at the interview between the President and Baron von Rosen at Oyster Bay Mr. Roosevelt urged the Baron to accept the terms now offered by Japan as the best way out of a bad situation.

The President pointed out that if Russia delayed coming to terms with Japan until she was finally compelled to do so, the terms would then be such a nature as to stagger the world.

CONFERENCE "AT AN END."

M. Witte and His Colleagues Regard the Efforts for Peace as Hopeless.

PARIS, Sunday.—The "Petit Parisien" publishes the following from Portsmouth:—

"In an interview yesterday, M. Witte said:—'We meet on Tuesday to draw up and sign definitely the protocol of all the sittings. Of what will take place between to-morrow and Tuesday I know absolutely nothing. Perhaps between now and then some foreign Powers may use their good influence. I can say nothing more.'"

The "Matin" publishes the following telegram from Portsmouth:—

"The adjournment until Tuesday of the Conference was sought by the Russians, but its object is not the seeking of new instructions from Tokio or St. Petersburg. M. Witte and his colleagues look upon the Conference as being at an end."

"At yesterday's sitting," said one of the Russian delegates, "although Baron Komura did not fix the sum demanded by Japan, he informed M. Witte that the cost of the war amounted to 10,000,000 francs (£400,000) daily for 500 days."—Reuter.

REPORTED CONCESSIONS.

NEW YORK, Saturday.—The "New York Times" states that the Japanese envoys cabled to Tokio during the night advising the Government to make certain concessions calculated to satisfy the Russians.

The concessions, as suggested by Baron Komura, the journal adds, are of such a nature that they will preserve the principles of the Japanese demands and will, therefore, not be distasteful to the Japanese people.—Reuter.

FIERCE SUMMER GALE.

August Hurricane Causes Havoc on Land and Sea.

HOUSES BLOWN DOWN.

Rarely is England visited in August by a gale so severe as that which raged over the country on Saturday.

In London the wind did comparatively little damage. It was only sufficient to spoil the afternoon for thousands of cyclists and motorists, and to fill everybody's eyes with blinding dust.

But round the coasts and in many places inland the wind assumed almost a hurricane character. In Scotland terrific rain accompanied it. The coast was strewn with wrecks of small craft and sad havoc played with the yachts at various regattas.

At Aberdeen two became total wrecks; in Southampton Water one went ashore, and three others were so badly damaged that they had to give up the race for the King's Cup of the Southern Yacht Club.

At Brighton the regatta had to be postponed, and all along the coast bathing and pleasure boating were out of the question. The Channel crossings were extremely rough.

CRUISER ASHORE.

The Continent did not escape, and the Dutch cruiser *Erasmus* was driven on to the shore at Ymuiden. The bad weather there prevented the funeral of a seaman belonging to the British Channel Fleet taking place. The ships had to sail for Denmark in the midst of the gale, and the burial was postponed to the next port of call.

On land the damage to crops was very considerable. Just now is the height of the country flower show season, and some of these exhibitions came to an abrupt conclusion through the winds.

At Leith a huge marquee, 220 ft. long and 40 ft. broad, was lifted up, and went flying off like a gigantic kite. The tables, on which were displayed beautiful flowers and plants, were blown hither and thither, and the whole place was a welter of ruin and confusion.

Three flower-show tents had a similar fate in the Newcastle district, and another opened at Chirk, Denbighshire, by Lord Trevor, was ruined in the same manner.

At Belfast four houses were blown down. The surprised occupants had to beat a hasty retreat from the falling ruins, but no one was seriously injured.

Considerable interruption was caused in different parts of the country by telegraph wires being blown down.

TSAR'S MANIFESTO.

Thirty Million Copies To Be Distributed Among the Peasantry.

The promulgation of the decree authorising the new Russian Constitution has not been celebrated in any special way in St. Petersburg beyond the publication of the news in the "Official Messenger."

The manifesto was, however, read in all the churches yesterday, and the Government, says an Exchange message, are preparing 30,000,000 copies to be spread amongst the peasantry. This has caused a feeling of exultation in Moscow, but utter indifference prevails in St. Petersburg. An amnesty is shortly expected.

OFF TO SOUTH AMERICA.

Bank Clerk Decamps With Heavy Booty and Buys a Steam Yacht to Flee In.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—Great excitement has been caused by an absconding bank clerk named Galley, employed at the Comptoir d'Escompte, who should have returned from his annual holiday on August 15, but failed to put in an appearance.

A hasty examination of his books showed that by an ingenious system of having several women accomplices, who opened small accounts, he was able to transfer large sums to their credit, which were immediately withdrawn.

Galley recently purchased the steam yacht Catherine for £4,500 at Havre, and had the name painted out.

On August 9 the yacht was reported at Las Palmas, and left ostensibly for Buenos Ayres.

SHAKESPEARE RESENTED IN RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—It is reported from Rome (Potta) that the Hebrew population, representing the performance of "The Merchant of Venice," boycotted the local theatre at which the piece was produced.

The manager has now undertaken not to produce plays in which Hebrews are presented in what is considered as an unfavourable light.—Reuter.

RAIDS ON BATHERS.

More Lively Scenes Expected on the Sands at Westcliff.

The extraordinary raid on lady bathers at Westcliff-on-Sea will probably have a sequel in the Law Courts.

Further lively scenes are to be expected. The bathers are in a state of hot indignation, and at the risk of further indignities are prepared to assert what they consider their rights.

The Southend Corporation, it will be remembered, decided to levy a fee of 5s. a month on owners of bathing-tents on the beach at Westcliff. The demand was refused, and on Friday the corporation officials evicted the obstinate owners with unnecessary violence. Tents were pulled up while female bathers were still in them in a state of deshabille.

One girl whose tent was demolished was so frightened that she ran all the way home in her bathing-dress. Her father, who is a man of good position, says he will sue the corporation for damages.

Yesterday signs of further trouble were numerous.

Six people put up their tents in defiance of the corporation, and declined to move them.

Nearly thirty others took a similar course, but less

strong-minded, were frightened by the officials, and eventually moved outside the corporation limits.

An indignation meeting was held, at which it was decided to fight the question to the bitter end. Two gentlemen who are taking a leading part in the process are Mr. J. C. Wray and Mr. R. Farington. They intend continuing to put up their tents and say they will go to law if necessary, as when they are away in London their wives and daughters are liable to be annoyed and frightened by the corporation.

MUTINY BY SICKNESS.

Soldiers Make Themselves Perilously Ill to Avoid Taking Part in a March.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—An extraordinary case of mutiny is reported from Toulon.

Nearly 100 soldiers of the garrison at the Six-Fours Fort were discovered yesterday to be suffering from severe internal disorders.

It was found on inquiry to-day that, in order to avoid taking part in a march, the soldiers had stripped themselves of their clothes, and had then thrown cold water over each other, inducing serious chills, and, in some cases, peritonitis.

The military authorities have determined to deal very seriously with the delinquents.

FAMILY ANNIHILATED.

Parisian in Despair Commits a Terrible Crime After Warning the Police.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—Poverty and despair drove a once prosperous manufacturer, named Roufaut, to commit a terrible crime.

He had written to the police telling them to call at his flat in Nogent, near Paris, where they would find five corpses. They did so, and found his dead prophecy only too true.

Roufaut, who suffered from an incurable disease, had murdered his wife and three young sons, and then committed suicide. From all appearances the poor husband had voluntarily submitted to her husband's razor.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The Minister of War will shortly lay before the Spanish Court a Bill for the fortification of the Balaric Islands.

At La Crosse (Wisconsin) a child named Ruth Rogers, aged only five months, has been successfully operated on for appendicitis.

A marriage has been arranged between Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria, who is now at San Sebastian, and the Spanish Infanta Maria Theresa.

Indiarubber parts of worn goloshes are being exported from Odessa to the United States, where the rubber, after special treatment, is applied to fresh uses.

It is rumoured in Paris that the British Minister, failing to obtain satisfaction from the Moorish Maghzen for the murder of the Austrian Consul at Mazagan, a British subject, has decided to take strong measures, and has asked his Government to dispatch two British cruisers to Mazagan.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Moderating westerly and north-westerly winds; mostly fair; some local showers; normal temperature.

Lightning-up time: 8.9 p.m.

Sea passage will be moderate.

THE KING'S "CURE."

Picturesque and Amusing Scenes Daily Witnessed at Marienbad.

KINDLY ROYAL ACTION.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MARIENBAD, Sunday.—This place, where King Edward is taking his annual cure, has been described as the "fat man's paradise." Nowhere in the world will you see so imposing an assembly of the world's "greatest" men—"great" in hundredweights, quarters, and pounds—as on the Colonnade from six and eight in the morning. It is at this hour that the "cure" begins.

The ladies, too, are of the bulkiest proportions, and it is rumoured that when Barnum or any other well-known showman requires a "fat lady" for his exhibition he takes the first train for Marienbad and has no difficulty in discovering an attractive example.

Each visitor carries a mug suspended from his or her shoulder by a leather strap. This mug is usually filled with the curative waters at 6 a.m. and 6 p.m.

After drinking two or three mugs without undue haste, the visitor strolls out to one of the numerous restaurants that are dotted everywhere about this garden-city and takes his breakfast or his dinner.

NATURAL GARDEN-CITY.

Marienbad is a natural garden-city. A little bunch of shops, pensions and hotels forms the centre of the town; the rest is all villas and restaurants scattered among the pinewoods where the visitors take their walks.

You meet them everywhere, they are of all nationalities, and each one carries the universal mug dangling from the universal strap.

In Marienbad nobody does anything but walk, eat and drink. Ten o'clock is bed-time, and at that hour the streets and cafés empty, and the bands of excellent musicians cease their playing. The younger visitors, however, can get a little tennis, and there is an occasional dance, rendered quite brilliant by the tasteful uniforms of the officers of the garrison.

King Edward, however, has missed an annual event for which Marienbad is famous. This is the yearly "Fat Man's Fête."

The chief item on the programme is a "fat man's race," in which the twenty heaviest sportsmen among the visitors take part. This year the average weight of the competitors was 183. Attired in "shorts" and jerseys, they presented a grotesque spectacle, and when the favourite, a 20st. brewer from Vienna, romped in by many yards he was crowned with a wreath of roses, the chief part in this ceremony being performed by the stoutest lady visitor, whose weight, however, is not officially recorded.

CROWNING "PORTLY" BEAUTY.

The "ladies' race" followed, and excited even more interest than the gentleman's. Frau Aftergut, a Berlin, a portly blonde, was the victress, and she too was crowned with crimson roses.

In the evening a dance was held in the Kurhalle, and the two leading competitors, duly garlanded, led the cotillon, marching round the hall to the strains of the "Fat Man's March," a stately composition that is always played on these occasions.

The springs of Marienbad are, however, when all is said and done, its chief attraction. There are eight of these, of which seven may be used for bathing and drinking. The renowned Marienquelle is used for bathing only; it effervesces and bubbles like champagne, and its effect on the patient rivals that of the sparkling wine. Rheumatic patients find this spring an almost certain cure.

All the springs of Marienbad belong to the Abbey of Teplitz, and, though no official figures are given, no monastery in all the world is half so wealthy as this splendid establishment.

KING'S KINDLY ACT.

King Edward's annual visit has naturally given rise to many stories. One of these concerns a poor little waitress—in all the open-air restaurants there waitress—who had frequently brought King Edward his early-morning coffee and roll. Noticing the girl's dejected face one day, the King asked what ailed her. She was under notice to leave.

"And why?" asked King Edward.

The girl had upset a tray of eatables, and the proprietor of the restaurant, being in a bad temper that morning, had given her notice.

His Majesty sent for the proprietor and asked as a special favour that the girl might be allowed to stay on. Of course, the bowing Austrian consented, and the girl, naturally, will tell you that in all Europe there is no monarch like King Edward.

His Majesty is also said to have dropped his mug one morning at the well on the Colonnade. It shivered into a hundred pieces. Immediately, to the King's great amusement, there was a scramble for the treasured fragments, which now, no doubt, adorn the drawing-rooms of the lucky visitors who were fortunate enough to secure these fragile mementos.

BURGLARS BUSY IN LONDON.

Reaping a Rich Harvest During the
Dull Season.

DANGERS OF FLATS.

Now is the burglary season. Mr. William Sikes has been in town for some little time, and is paying calls everywhere.

He is a man of cosmopolitan ideas. He has, of course, a natural preference for the fashionable area, and is paying due attention to the stately houses of Mayfair, Belgravia, and Kensington, where the cheap and unsatisfactory electro-plate finds little favour. A body of American expert thieves is pursuing its operations just now in these districts.

Still, the suburbs are not neglected.

It is quite impossible for the police to guard effectively the streets and streets of suburban houses that are just now almost as deserted as those of Pompeii, and the consequence is that hundreds of people coming back from their holidays will find their most cherished valuables missing on their return.

In one quiet residential street in Clapham there were three burglaries this last week-end; in Wimbledon the cracksmen has been so busy that warnings have been sent round to householders cautioning them against leaving portable articles of value in the house; and in the northern and western suburbs the predator is equally in evidence.

The Flat Thief.

There is a common impression that if you live in a flat or "maisonette" you are comparatively safe from the attentions of the burglar. The fact that, if the "first floor" is at the seaside, the "second floor" is detained in town leads people into a false sense of security.

"The average block of flats is the easiest hunting-ground for the burglar," said a detective yesterday. "As a rule the locks—especially in the 'maisonette' variety, are very weak, and the tradesmen's lifts afford an active man the easiest and most unobtrusive means of entry. It is quite easy to find out if a particular flat is unoccupied. People delivering circulars are often in league with burglar gangs. The ring at the door two or three times a day when they suspect the family has left town, and if there is no reply the burglar pays a visit the same night. The bicycle thief is having a very busy time just now. In one block of flats alone we have had complaints of the loss of six bicycles during the last week."

A Little Comedy.

Amusing incidents sometimes arise out of the anxiety of the departing paterfamilias to secure his household gods. In one of the southern suburbs the other day a householder going away for a fortnight asked the policeman to keep an eye on his house. Not satisfied with this official guardian he also requested a close personal friend to look in once or twice and see that all was right.

The friend willingly accepted the key and the trust. Two or three days after he went round, made a tour of the house, and found all was right. Being a little tired, he sat down to smoke a cigarette.

While he was thus engaged the man in blue came to try the door, and, finding it no longer locked, went in, and beheld the unofficial guardian inside. The policeman immediately asked for an explanation. It was given.

"Ah, I heard that tale before," said the policeman. "You'd better come along with me."

And the unfortunate friend had to spend quite a long time at the nearest police station before he had satisfied the inspector of his unimpeachable antecedents.

ACROBATIC BURGLARS.

Marvellous Activity Displayed by Thieves
Who Obtained £2,000 Spoil at Croydon.

An unusually skillful burglary was committed at Croydon on Saturday, when £2,000 worth of jewellery was taken from the shop of H. Samuel, in North End.

The burglars must have been possessed of almost acrobatic activity. They first gained access to the grounds of the Whitgift School. They then crossed three high walls, climbed a stack pipe, ascended a roof, took off some slates, and picked a hole through the ceiling. They let themselves down and then tried to saw a way through the ceiling of the shop.

This proving impracticable, they descended to the back door of the shop and took away the lower panels bodily.

Once inside, they made an attempt on the safe, which was in full view of the street (in which a policeman was on point duty), but failed to open it, and had to content themselves with taking what stock they could lay hands on.

They returned by way of the ceiling, using an improvised ladder to reach the hole.

There are no traces of the thieves beyond finger-prints on a mirror.

BUSY SAND BUILDERS.

Exciting Contest at Yarmouth on Saturday—Scarborough's Turn To-day.

Nearly 4,000 square yards of golden sand had been roped off at Yarmouth for the *Daily Mirror's* fourth sand castle competition on Saturday.

The disappointment of the previous day, when wet weather rendered postponement inevitable, had been forgotten by the army of industrious youngsters who crowded the enclosure. Slowly and carefully the buildings assumed shape. Fortresses bristled with canon, cathedrals reared their stately towers, and lighthouses and modest village churches sprang to life.

There was a far greater range of design than at any of the previous competitions, and Councillor John George, who, with Yarmouth's charming madame, Miss Elsie Mayo, had consented to act as judge, found his work no sinecure.

Quite as interested as the little competitors were the large number of spectators, and the anxious eyes of hopeful parents followed the judges in their walk round. The prizes at last went to—

Master Fred Herring, Yarmouth (first).
Master Arthur Woods, Albany-road, Camberwell (second).

Master Oscar Rolf, Sydeny-street, Cambridge (third).

To-day a castle-building contest will be held at Scarborough on the sands known as the children's corner, beneath the Spa walls.

ZIONISTS REJECT UGANDA.

Palestine the Only Acceptable Home of the Hebrew Nation.

Speaking at Mile End on Saturday night at a mass meeting of the English Zionist Federation, Mr. Cowen said that the Zionists could never regard Uganda as the home of the Jewish nation.

They were grateful to the British Government for their offer, but he was convinced that they should not accept it. Palestine could not be reached by East Africa, and they did not wish to add to the lands of their dispersals.

Another speaker said that a great opportunity had been thrown away by rejecting the British Government's offer, but a resolution pledging the Zionists to work for the establishment of the Jewish race in Palestine was carried amid applause.

BRUTAL SWEETHEART.

But the Girl Pleads for Him to the Magistrate Because She Loves Him.

Because she refused to carry a basket of flowers Alber Williams, after a quarrel, kicked his sweetheart so violently that she fell.

Inquiring into the matter at Bow-street on Saturday, the magistrate asked the girl, who wore a flower basket, why she went with defendant if he treated her in that way. "Because I loves him," was the reply; and "Yus, she does," confirmed her lover.

Yielding to the girl's entreaties the magistrate merely bound over Williams in his own recognisances, remarking that he was fortunate in having such a sympathetic pleader; and the pair left the court together, the girl carrying the basket.

GAMBIA DOCTOR'S DOSE.

One Wineglassful of Dirty Water Three Times a Day, After Meals.

The favourite prescription of the Gambia "native doctor," according to a Colonial report just published, is at once simple and harmless.

The "doctor" writes something in Arabic upon a wooden slate, which is carefully washed. The dirty water is taken by the patient.

Witchcraft, known as "gree gree," is still extensively practised. There are two forms of "gree gree," one consisting of an infusion of herbs, and the other of spells and incantations.

Cotton planting has been tried in the colony, but has not been very successful. The growing of ground nuts is found to be more lucrative.

It must not be forgotten, says the report, "that the main export of these countries up to the fifties was slaves."

SOCIETY TO BLAME.

"It's the fault of the Government; they ought to find work," said James O'Neil, aged sixty-one, charged at West London with begging in Kensington.

A list of previous convictions was handed in.

"But you are a professional beggar," said the magistrate, giving him a month's hard labour.

"Well, society is to blame for it," was the reply.

GIANT IMMIGRANTS.

Strange Party of Russian Dissenters Descends on London.

OFF TO CANADA.

One of the strangest parties that ever visited London arrived on Saturday. They were Russian Doukhobors from a little town in Eastern Siberia, and they were going to seek a new home in Canada, free from the tyranny and bigotry of the Tsar's rule.

Doukhobors are a species of Russian Quakers, a simple, earnest people, with many of the primitive Christian virtues, but also with many eccentricities that have drawn on them the severity of the orthodox rulers of their country.

It was pathetic to see these strange immigrants—most of them giants in stature, some eight inches or more above six feet—as the steamer *Cergei* brought them to their landing-place in Tooley-street. They were astounded with the vastness of London.

London "Nice."

Their honest blue eyes twinkled and opened wide in surprise as from the deck of the ship they gazed at the Thames, alive with all manner of craft, and at the huge city rising on its banks.

They were like children at a museum. The great, long-bearded men, the women with kerchiefs on their heads, children laughing with pleased amazement, were all unable to make anything of it. London had petrified them into silence.

But one, bolder than the rest, cried out, "Jadu-moya London charasho!" "Oh, I think London is nice!"

"Nice." That was all. None of them could frame an adequate idea of the great city.

In a few hours the train had taken them to Liverpool, where they were to await a steamer for Canada; there to forget the woes they have suffered in *Holy Russia* for the sake of religion.

Singular Notions.

In Canada they will meet many co-religionists. Helped by the Society of Friends, a colony of 8,000 Doukhobors has sprung up in Assinabia.

It worked on the communal system, and is by far the greatest communal settlement that has ever existed.

Doukhobors are vegetarians, and have many strange superstitions. Not long ago they thought that clothes were unnecessary, which led to gentle remonstrance on the part of the North-West Police.

Whilst Saturday's party had no such notion, their dress was very remarkable. Some of the men had leather coats, others coloured smocks, whilst a number had cloth jackets without collars. Top-boots and waistbelts completed their attire.

The women wore plain cotton bodices and wide, ungainly skirts, but the little boys and girls were dressed in fancy sailor suits and pretty frocks.

RAT-INFESTED LONDON.

Millions Lost by Traders Every Year Through the Depredations of Four-footed Vermin.

The town of Consett, in Durham, is suffering from a plague of rats. Regiments of rodents are swarming into the shops and houses from neighbouring mines which have been abandoned, and devouring and destroying almost everything they come across.

"They are devouring all our profits," declare the tradesmen.

London's rate plague, which, like the poor, is always with us, is quite as serious, although little is heard of it.

"London may be said to lose millions a year because of the damage done by the inmates of the sewers," said a rat-catcher to a *Daily Mirror* representative. "I have been offered as much as £500 to clear premises of rats. But they always return."

A big firm of carriers found on their hands an endless number of parcels which could not be delivered because rats had gnawed off the labels in order to such the paste behind.

A provision company had £5,000 worth of goods eaten or spoiled in one year.

TRIFLING ACCIDENT FATAL.

Nearly a fortnight ago William John Latchford, sixty years, a timber merchant, of 4, Pembroke-gardens, Kensington, was knocked down by a mail train.

Asked if he was hurt, he replied, "No; you go on. I am all right." He died a week later from the rupture of a blood-vessel in the brain.

HUGE UNDERGROUND MUSEUM.

ROME, Saturday.—Researches have brought to light the cemetery of Commodiglio, on the Appian Way, abandoned since the ninth century.

It remained forgotten until 1720, when a large subterranean chamber was discovered by chance, and later buried by a landslide. A vast underground region has now come to light, containing paintings, mosaics, and numerous inscriptions.

NO CONSCRIPTION.

Lord Roberts Denounced for His Demands on the Nation.

The Metropolitan Radical Federation held a meeting at the Central Finsbury Radical Club, and Mr. W. C. Wade moved a resolution regretting "the alarmist statements and unreasonable demands made by Lord Roberts," noting with satisfaction that his Majesty's Government has repudiated Lord Roberts's statements and proposals."

Mr. Wade regretted the introduction of such organisations as the Church Lads' Brigade and the Boys Brigade, and asked: "What nation would risk a war with us now?"

Several speakers, however, disagreed with Mr. Wade's remarks, one saying, "Children ought to be familiar in the use of arms, in order to defend their country," and another, "The best way to preserve peace is to be prepared for war."

Mr. Fuller, secretary of the federation, speaking as a father of a family, said he would "as soon see his boy dead as learning the use of arms with which to fight."

The thanks of the federation were accorded to Mr. Roosevelt for his strenuous efforts in the cause of peace.

KNIGHTHOOD FOR A LADY.

High Honour for the Only English Nurse Serving in the Far East War.

Perhaps the most interesting arrival at Liverpool on Saturday was Mrs. Teresa Richardson, widow of the late Mr. John Crow Richardson, of Glynards, Carmarthenshire.

She has been serving as a nurse with the Japanese Army for fifteen months, and has been decorated by the Mikado with the Sixth Cross of the Order of the Crown, which carries a knighthood, and the Japanese Red Cross Society's Order of Merit.

She informed the *Daily Mirror* that Hiroshima there are 4,000 women nurses. She was the only English woman among them. The Japanese nurses were quiet, deaf, and sympathetic, and the soldiers themselves bore their sufferings like heroes.

"The medical and surgical work of the Japanese Army," concluded Mrs. Richardson, "is an improvement on those of any European country."

CHEAP BREAD ASSURED.

Good English Harvest and Plentiful Supplies from Russia and America.

"Bread will be cheap for some time to come," said a leading miller to a *Daily Mirror* representative.

The English harvest has been exceptionally good, and large wheat supplies are coming from abroad, especially from Russia.

Russian wheat is considerably stronger than the home-grown article, owing to the abundance of sun in South Russia, and some millers prefer it."

Heavy supplies are also arriving from France, Germany, and America. The American crop alone is estimated to amount to 680,000,000 bushels, a large proportion of which will be exported to this country.

DEARTH OF THEATRES.

Successes Forced to Tour Because No West End House Is Available.

It is noteworthy, in view of much discussion whether too many new theatres are being erected in London, that Miss Ethel Irving, the well-known actress, writes to the *Daily Mirror* from the Criterion Theatre as follows:—

"We have acknowledged successes in 'Lucky Miss Deep' and 'Time is Money,' but owing to 'The White Chrysanthemum' being produced on September 2 we have to terminate our tenancy here, and at the present moment, as far as I can ascertain, there is not an available theatre in London to which I can take this dual bill."

"I am therefore taking it for a short suburban tour, trusting that at some not far distant date a West End theatre may become vacant for my return."

RAILWAY MYSTERY.

While travelling in a train over Goat House Bridge, Norwood, Lawrence Reginald leant so far out of the window that his head struck against one of the iron pillars. He reeled backward, and then pitched bodily forward out of the carriage door, which flew open.

This was the story related by a traveller in the next compartment, Miss Hankin, at the inquest on Saturday.

According to the "Zeit," Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria will have an interview with King Edward this month upon the Macedonian question.

BOY PIRATE'S ADVENTURES.

Capture of a Youngster Who Stole a Steam Launch.

ESCAPES FROM PRISON.

Charles Snarh, the seventeen-year-old Hull lad who distinguished himself by sailing off with a steam-launch at Boston, has added several other adventures to this achievement.

He was not satisfied with starting on a river trip from Welham to Lincoln and almost wrecking the launch by driving it at full speed, but he has been giving the Boston police some anxious moments.

Over the launch affair he was arrested and charged on Friday, and remanded.

On Saturday he was missing. He had made his escape from the prison yard when his captors had relaxed their vigilance.

Smart and Cunning.

He was next heard of in Lincoln, where he was arrested by an inspector of police.

The authorities allege that, since his escape, he had stolen and sold a bicycle, and had also got possession of some postal orders.

Snarh is described as an extremely smart youth, with a phenomenal depth of cunning.

Under the circumstances the Boston police, whom so cleverly tricked, will have some sympathy for their colleagues of Cardiff, who have still failed to trace the man Heathfield.

Problem of Food.

This fugitive escaped from the Roath Police Station about a week ago, and, whilst it is supposed that he is still in hiding in the woods, he has succeeded in completely baffling his pursuers.

Day and night the police have hunted him without result. The question is: "How has Heathfield managed to live all this time—practically an outlaw, and with the houses of his wife and friends under sharp surveillance?"

The escape of Heathfield recalls a similar case that occurred in Cardiff about a quarter of a century ago.

A well-known Cardiff licensed victualler had been convicted by the local Bench of a summary offence, and was allowed to have a parting glass of beer at a certain public-house. From this place he escaped, and secured a passage on board a steamer bound for Spain, where he for some years carried on a successful business. The police scoured the country far and wide for their man, but without success. Five years ago the ex-publican quietly returned to Cardiff, but no effort was ever made to re-arrest him.

NOONTIDE PLEASURES.

Public Show Less Appetite for Artistic Joys Than for the Customary Midday Meal.

Henceforward there will be three performances, instead of four, at the Coliseum. The last of the midday performances was given on Saturday.

How is it that there has been so great a falling-off in the midday audience? Probably this is due to the fact that most people prefer rather to contemplate the luncheon bill of fare than to study the theatrical programme. Few persons at twelve o'clock are unwilling to defer the pleasure of amusement to the duty of appeasing the pangs of hunger.

It is stated, also, that the multiplicity of performances at the Coliseum does not allow sufficient time for rehearsals. The whole night has sometimes been devoted to this purpose, and even Sunday has frequently been occupied in rehearsing new "turns."

TIMBER POLES PREFERRED.

G.P.O. Use Metal Telegraph Posts Only Out of Deference to Local Authorities.

Mr. Edwin Eldridge, assistant engineer of the G.P.O., told the Paddington coroner on Saturday that the postal authorities preferred timber telegraph poles, but they used metal poles in deference to the wishes of the local authorities, who considered the older type were unsightly.

The reason for this statement was the sad death of Geoffrey Rendell, a telegraph wireman, who was killed through the falling of a metal telegraph post at West Kilburn.

It was stated that the pole was not bearing its full weight of wire, and had been tested an hour or two before it broke at the base, where there was a flaw in the cast iron.

In returning a verdict of Accidental Death the jury added that no one was to blame.

During an inquest at Edgware, Dr. Gordon Hogg, the Middlesex coroner, commented upon the absence of a mortuary there, and said that the only other place where such a state of affairs existed was "sleepy old Uxbridge."

WANING SUMMER.

Football and Seagulls Show That Autumn Is on Us.

Summer is waning. Not only are the evenings beginning to shorten with almost dramatic suddenness, and the trees are putting on a ragged and tired aspect, but there are surer portents of coming autumn.

Football has come again. On Saturday practice matches took place everywhere. In the south there were fewer enthusiasts, but in the midlands and the north almost every local club held its opening game of the season.

Roughly speaking, probably 10,000 young Englishmen chased the ball on Saturday afternoon. It was not exactly a day of tropical heat, but still rather warm for such violent exercise. The youth of England is evidently not so decadent as gloomy scientists would have us believe.

That the popularity of football is not waning was shown by the large gates. There were 18,000 onlookers at the first practice match of Newcastle United on the new ground, which has cost £11,000, and will accommodate 60,000 spectators. There were 13,000 at two Manchester matches; 15,000 at Liverpool; and 3,000 at Bury.

After football, the beginning of the Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall is the most unmistakable omen of autumn. The first was held on Saturday night, when Mr. Henry Wood's orchestra, which has greatly improved under his energetic coaching, received the warmest of welcomes.

Lastly, the seagulls have arrived at Blackfriars Bridge. There is no longer any doubt that autumn is on us.

LYNX-EYED DOCTORS.

Importance of the Study of Physiognomy to the Medical Practitioner.

To the curriculum of the medical student a new subject must be added—the study of physiognomy. "We have heard," says the "Lancet," "of physicians who claimed to be able to say from a glance at his face that this or that man was a butcher, a grocer, a bank clerk," and so on.

This may be exaggerated, and doctors may not be able, with the shrewdness of a Sherlock Holmes, or of his still acute brother, to read a man's past, present, and future at a glance. But the medical man knows the value of studying the patient's face if he would thoroughly diagnose his condition, and occupation, like disease, has an undoubted influence on the physiognomy.

CATS KNOW THEIR BUTCHER.

Expert in Feline Delicacies Throws a Side-light on Pussy's Sagacity.

David Mulcay, who earns his livelihood by catering for the cats of Liverpool, added to the gaiety of the Court of Passage in that city on Saturday, when he secured 47 lbs. for damages done to his pony and cart.

Counsel (for the defendant firm): You were calling out your wares?

"Yes," replied Mulcay, repeating his call in stentorian tones amid general laughter.

Counsel: I suppose all the cats in the neighbourhood came out?

Mulcay (with superior air): No, only my cats. They know my shout.

Counsel: I see. Each cat knows its own purveyor's shout?

WOLVES AS PETS.

Motoring Deals a Heavy Blow at the Wild Animal Business.

Owing to the boom in the motor-car industry the wild animal trade is being seriously damaged.

To the *Daily Mirror* Mr. Jamrach, the king of wild beast importers, said: "Yes, it is a fact, people previously used to keep private menageries at their country houses, but owing to the craze for motoring they are giving up the hobby."

"You see, the keeping of wild animals is a considerable expense, and I am afraid motor-cars are not quite so cheaply maintained as people may imagine."

"Most of my business is now done with travelling menageries and the principal zoological gardens of the world."

"Still, there is quite a demand for tame wolves, which can be trained to take sugar from the pretty lips. But they do not seem to be the most desirable of pets, do they?"

MISS DOUGHTY'S FATE.

The answer of the Home Secretary to the petition for a reduction of the sentence of seven years passed on Miss Doughty for the attempted murder of Mr. Swan has been received.

It is stated that the master has been placed in the hands of the Attorney-General.

CHANNEL NAIAD.

Miss Kellermann Quite Ready to Make Her Great Attempt.

APPEAL TO HER MASCOT.

A strong south-easterly gale churned up the waters of the Channel yesterday, and some of the swimmers who propose to attempt to cross from the English to the French shore this week looked despondent.

But Miss Annette Kellermann, the nineteen-year-old Australian girl who will swim for the *Daily Mirror* voyage, was as cheerful and confident as ever. Despite the roughness of the sea, she went out for an hour's swim yesterday morning, in company with Mr. Jarvis, who will act as pacemaker to Mr. Montague Holbein.

Jarvis's Tribute.

Her companion was amazed at her swimming. "She is a magnificent swimmer," he exclaimed when he emerged from the water. This opinion is shared by all the local experts.

On Saturday, after being in the water for two hours in heavy sea, Miss Kellermann was examined by a doctor. Since she went into training she has gained slightly over one pound, and now weighs 11st. 5lb.

Miss Kellermann possesses a little mascot in the shape of the model of a diver. She took her mascot out on the front at Dover yesterday, and, facing the stormy sea, said: "Now we are both ready. I've done my part, now you must do yours."

There are now five swimmers intending to attempt the cross-Channel swim this week, viz., Miss Kellermann, Messrs. Burgess (who will start from the French shore), Montague Holbein, Wolfe, and Horace Mew. But the experts said yesterday that even if the gale abated at once it would be impossible for anyone to start for forty-eight hours.

ROYAL SWIMMERS.

Princes Eddy and Albert Taught the Art in the Solent.

The two elder sons of the Prince and Princess of Wales have both been receiving instruction in the art of swimming and have achieved considerable success, to the great satisfaction of the Royal Family, most of whom are expert swimmers.

On arriving at the Solent they were handed over to ex-Chief Petty-Officer Maunder, who is well known as swimming instructor to various members of the Royal Family, and who is attached to the Prince of Wales's London establishment.

As expected, the Princes proved very plucky, and in a very short time were fair swimmers, to the delight of their teacher.

KNELT IN A POND.

Swimmer Rescues Woman Who Sought Death in a Curiously Deliberate Manner.

After he had bathed in one of the Highgate ponds the other night, Walter Stone, of Kentish Town, sat down to smoke a cigarette.

His attention was attracted by the conduct of Clara Ruffett, a middle-aged woman, who was walking round and round the pond.

He lost sight of her in the darkness, but, seeing her umbrella on the bank and her hat in the water he went in and found the woman kneeling or sitting in the water. He dragged her out.

The relatives told the Marylebone magistrate on Saturday that the woman, who was discharged from Hanwell Asylum on the previous Saturday, had attempted suicide before, and they desired her to be placed under control. Remanded.

HACKENSCHMIDT HISSED.

Georges Hackenschmidt, the Russian, was hissed and booted at the Liverpool Hippodrome on Saturday.

Wrestling with John Petersen, a Dane, he had to exert all his strength, placing his hands on the back of his opponent's head, to bring his face to the ground. This roused the antagonism of the audience—but the Russian won.

VISITOR FROM LONDON?

A Fenchurch-street railway ticket was the only vagrant clue to identification found upon the body of a youth, of about eighteen, discovered on Saturday at Westcliff beach between high and low water marks.

Some persons who spoke to him last Friday gathered from his conversation that he was a visitor from London.

GAGGED AND ROBBED.

Audacity of the Attack on an Elderly Woman in a Busy Thoroughfare.

That, in the middle of the afternoon and in a busy thoroughfare of Westminster, a shopkeeper could be successfully gagged and robbed, seems hardly credible.

Yet this was the unpleasant experience of Harriet Fairchild, a frail, elderly woman, who keeps a small shop at 65, Grosvenor-road, Westminster.

One afternoon, about a fortnight ago, a man entered her premises. Could he have a drink of lemon squash? She served him. Two others came in. They parlored of a similar beverage, and also cigars. A sovereign was given her and she gave the men change.

More lemon squash was ordered, and when she walked into her back-parlour for the purpose of cleaning a glass she was seized from behind.

Her hands and ankles were then tied with the thick cord produced. One of the men said they would cut her throat if she did not tell them where she kept her money.

After ransacking the place they went away, and she was left tied up on the floor, but by working her hands she reached a knife and cut the rope. When she recovered she found a long roll of calico clinging to the handle of the door.

She missed a sovereign with which a lady had paid for a newspaper bill from a table in the shop parlour.

She was found by Rose Barton, a young married woman, who called at the shop just as the men were leaving, and heard Miss Fairchild groaning.

On Saturday Arthur Hungerstone, a young clerk of Southwark, at present in custody on another charge at Brixton Prison, was remanded by the Westminster magistrate charged with being concerned with two other men in the outrage.

FESTIVAL OF LABOUR.

Varied Co-partnership Products on View This Week at the Crystal Palace.

Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., will open on Wednesday, at the Crystal Palace, the Co-operative Festival, at which will be exhibited the goods produced in the Labour Co-partnership Workhouses.

The exhibition has always attracted the attention of public men of diverse views, and is one of great interest.

In past years the exhibition has been opened by Mr. Holyoake, Mr. Gerald Balfour, the Bishop of Ripon, the Hon. W. P. Reeves, Earl Grey, Mr. Charles Fenwick, M.P., Sir William Mather, Mr. Leonard Courtney, and others.

TWICE ARRESTED.

If a Man Has Not Been Formally Acquitted Can He Be Sent for Trial Later?

A curious plea was advanced at the Newington Sessions on Saturday on behalf of William Thomas Burton, who was charged with receiving a stolen side of bacon.

Mr. Jeff, for the defence, submitted that the case could not be proceeded with, inasmuch as it had already been decided. Burton was brought before Mr. Baggallay at Tower Bridge Police Court, and in the absence of witnesses for the prosecution the magistrate discharged him.

He was afterwards rearrested, but surely there was no precedent for trying a person a second time on the same issue.

Mr. Loveland-Loveland said, in the absence of a formal acquittal, it must be presumed that the man was properly recharged. Burton received nine months' hard labour.

FAMILY IN FLAMES.

Threw a Lamp at His Sister Because She Was Impudent.

"I'll burn the lot of you," is alleged to have been the remark of George Chambers, of Beeston, on returning home in a condition of intoxication from a village wake.

His sister states that he then seized the lamp, and threw it at her and two little girls, scattering the blazing oil over all three of them, and burning them terribly.

Chambers is said to have told a chonstable that he threw the lamp at his sister because she had been impudent, but that when he saw her and her children in flames he had thrown a bucket of water over them.

Chambers was committed for trial at Nottingham on Saturday.

OPPORTUNITY MAKES THE THIEF.

Seeing some 400 watches on the counter of Messrs. Keller and Sons' empty premises in Merton-street, Frederick Foreman filled his pockets with thirty-seven of them, and was walking off when a junior clerk stopped him.

In view of the greatness of the temptation Foreman was bound over on Saturday as a first offender.

IS THERE A SPIRIT WORLD?

Further Experiences Fully Authenticated by Responsible People.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

There is no question about the deep interest taken in this discussion. The number of letters received put that beyond dispute. A further selection follows:-

A VERIFIED SPIRIT MESSAGE.

At a recent sitting I attended the table was raised, and by my going through the alphabet a sentence was spelled out as follows: "I want Tom's wife to have my baby."

I asked who the spirit was and got the name, Mrs. Gilbert. I then asked what was the surname of Tom, and on going through the alphabet again got the name, Eversall, of Cotton's-row, Newcastle-under-Lyne.

I asked if anyone in the circle knew either of the people mentioned. None of them had ever heard the names before.

We gleaned also that the woman Gilbert lived while in the body at a house in Cartwright-street, Newcastle, where her body still lay, as she had only passed over two days previously. She had only been delivered of a child about a month before and caught a chill, which carried her into spirit life.

Next day I repaired to the address given. I asked if this was where Tom Eversall was living. The woman who answered the door looked up and said "Yes, I am Mrs. Eversall." I then said, "Do you know anyone named Gilbert, of Cartwright-street?" She replied that her brother's wife was dead, and they were burying her to-morrow, and her name was Gilbert.

I then conveyed the message as promised, which caused no little astonishment to both Mr. and Mrs. Eversall, and the greatest possible satisfaction to myself, as it proved to me that people lived, loved, and cared for those they leave behind, and are only too pleased to communicate with friends who give them an opportunity, which, alas! is too often denied them, however desirous they may be.

Ivy House, Hanley, Staffs. J. McCLUSKIE.

WHO CAN EXPLAIN THIS AWAY?

I attended some time ago a meeting of spiritualists, and I certainly saw and heard the most strange and unaccountable things. About fifty people sat round a large deal-top table, holding each other's hands.

Then there appeared on the table a very small figure which gradually grew larger and larger until it reached the size of a full-grown man with black beard and moustache, and a very pleasant, happy-looking face, who addressed us and the medium.

He remained on the table (not more than six feet from where I was sitting) for about twenty minutes. Then the figure gradually got smaller and smaller, until it vanished.

Now, all that happened in brilliant gas-light, and there were no mirrors, or anything in the hall except chairs.

I have often told this experience to friends. But they all laugh at me, and tell me I was under some delusion. Can any of your million readers give me any sensible and rational explanation of this wonderful phenomenon? B. ARMSTRONG.

46, Allen-road, Stoke Newington.

TESTIMONIES OF THE BIBLE.

Your correspondent, Mr. Sherwood, thinks I am in a joking mood. I wish to say I am quite in earnest. The following passages of Scripture will show that the spirits of the departed do not return. Neither can they communicate with the living.

"When a few years are come then I shall go the way whence I shall not return?" Job, xvi. 22.

"He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more?" Job, vii. 10. David, speaking of his dead child, said: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me?" II. Samuel, xii. 23.

"The living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything. Neither have they any more a portion for ever in anything that is done under the sun?" Ecclesiastes, V. 6.

"In death there is no remembrance of thee?" Psalm, vi., 5.

Spiritualism brings man under direct Satanic power, and lures him to set aside the word of God for communications from demons who personate the dead.

T. TURNER (ex-Spiritualist).

THE AUGUST LONDON MAGAZINE, 4*cl.*

On Sale Everywhere, is filled with Interesting Holiday Reading and Illustrations.

CAN YOU SEE YOURSELF?

Four Half-Guineas for Felixstowe—More Prize Winners.

There are four half-guineas waiting at the *Daily Mirror* office for four visitors or residents at Felixstowe.

There are no arduous conditions to fulfil in order to obtain the money if you are one of the lucky prize-winners. All you need do is to turn to the photographic group reproduced on pages 8-9 and see if you can find your portrait in it.

If you are satisfied that you are one of the persons in the photograph mark yourself with a cross, write your name and address in the space provided below the group, and send in an envelope to the Competition Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C.

In all cases the Editor's decision is final.
To-morrow four half-guineas go to

WORTHING.

A photograph of a holiday crowd at this place will be published and prizes of half a guinea each will be awarded to four selected persons in the group.

The prize-winners, to each of whom 10s. 6d. has been sent, in the competition at Southport are as follows:-

SOUTHPORT.

Mr. Frank Radcliffe, 130, Hempshaw-lane, Stockport.

Master William Massey, 115, Old Park-lane, High Park, Southport.

Mrs. Sharrock, 13, Pitt-street, Park-road, Blackburn.

Miss Nellie Davies, 18, Douglas-road, Wigan.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Gwili, the Welsh bard, has just finished to his satisfaction a sermon on which he has been engaged for fifteen years.

On the Inner and Outer Circle the whole service of the Metropolitan Railway will be run electrically on and after September 16.

Momentarily stunned by the current, a fine falcon which alighted on the electric wire at a Swansea tramways depot, fell to the ground and was captured before it could recover.

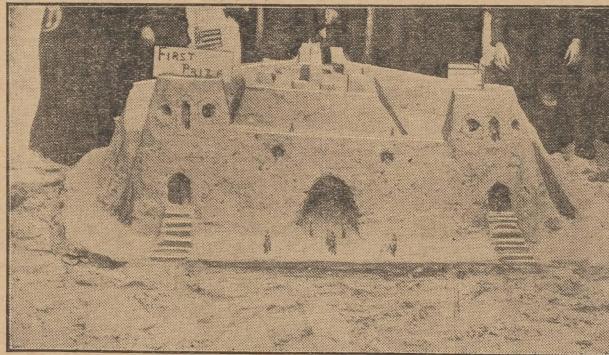
Gifted with a keen sense of humour, a burglar who broke into the house of a Mr. Stock at Griffithstown, near Newport (Mon.), extracted an empty will from a desk and wrote across it: "Leave us a few hundred pounds, old man!"

Between Louth and Grimsby the Great Northern Railway Company are about to inaugurate a service of steam motors for passenger traffic. The cars, from thirty to forty feet in length, will carry for the villages which lie near the railway, but not to stations.

Mrs. Teresa Richardson, a Welsh lady, who reached Liverpool on Saturday after fifteen months' work as a Red Cross nurse in the Japanese hospitals among the wounded soldiers, has had conferred upon her by the Mikado the highest decoration for ladies in Japan.

After lighting a cigarette in Clarence-street, Pontypool, a youth carelessly threw away the burning match, which fell upon a lady's skirt. The garment was quickly in flames, and a gentleman who went to the rescue had his hands severely burnt. The lady escaped injury.

FIRST PRIZE SAND CASTLE AT YARMOUTH.



Impressive castle built by Master Fred Horring, which gained the first prize in the "Daily Mirror" sand castle contest at Yarmouth on Saturday.

REFUGEES FROM LONDON.

Where Statesmen and Judges Have Sought Relaxation and Seclusion.

Scattered far and wide, now the season is over, are the men who make up the life of the State, and peer and commoner, Judge, lawyer, and scientist have gone far afield from the metropolitan hive.

Lord Lansdowne has just reached Derwent-land, fifteen miles from any railway station; while Loch Assynt Forest, Sutherland, where Mr. Henry Chaplin is staying, is twenty-four miles, and Reay Deer Forest, whither the Duke of Westminster has gone, more than twenty-five miles from the hatted head. Guisachan, Inverness, whither the Earl of Portmouth has betaken himself, lies fourteen miles from a station.

Sir Alfred Wills is mountaineering in the "High Savoy," and Mr. Justice Bigham is at Gastein, Austria. Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams has sought his pleasant farm at Dorking. Sir Oliver Lodge is off to the Mediterranean, Sir William Broadbent is on the Continent, and Lord Kelvin is at Aix-les-Bains.

MARY JANE AND "JEAMES."

Scenes Criticism of Their Inadequate Housing in the Homes of the Well-to-Do.

When Mary Jane leaves her humble home for service in the West End the change is not always, as one might imagine, for the better as regards the accommodation she finds.

"In a considerable number of instances," says the "Lancet," "servants are housed under conditions which, as they exist in the dwellings of the poor, would be open to strong criticism."

The pale-faced, anaemic appearance seen among the servants of the rich is due to the absence of sunlight and the use of artificial light in their rooms, and medical officers of health are invited to take up the matter.

WHAT IS THE BEST HOLIDAY?

More Distinguished People Tell What Kind They Enjoy Most.

Here are some more answers from well-known people to the question asked by the *Daily Mirror*.—What is the ideal holiday?—

Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED, the popular novelist:—

My ideal holiday is when other people have gone on theirs. R. M. PRAED, 98, Oakwood-court, Melbury-road, W.

Mrs. MANN, another novelist of distinction and insight:—

The holiday most agreeable to me would be to start when work is finished—not merely interrupted, clamouring to me to return; to leave myself behind as well as most other people; to be temporarily quit of impediment, impertinence, the importance of daily task, the fret that is familiar; to carry a free heart, a light portmanteau, a heavy purse, and to go a journey.

I don't care where—"the mind is its own place." To Go is the thing. MARY E. MANN, Shropshire Manor, Thetford.

Dr. MACNAMARA, M.P., one of the leading young men on the Liberal side:—

To homines quot sententiae. So far as I am concerned give me a quiet, primitive English seaside townlet, so that when the parliamentary session is over I can once more become the father of my family, pitch a tent on the beach, and join four young hopefuls and their mother in the daily swim.

There must also be some bass, pollack, or mackerel fishing in the bay; and within five minutes' walk there must be a nine-hole golf course. (I can't ask a full-blown eighteen-hole course in such a connection—I would if I could.)

Give me, therefore, a morning swim, eighteen holes, lunch, a big read till tea-time, eighteen holes again (with a fishing expedition as a variant), supper, and a game of bezique or some music with the youngsters, and you give me my ideal holiday. T. J. MACNAMARA.

Shoals of letters discussing the question, "Are holidays any good?" continue to reach the *Daily Mirror*:—

HARMFUL HOLIDAYS.

Do holidays do us harm? I must admit that often the few weeks spent out of town are so abused (more especially among the male sex) that the word holiday is the wrong term.

On the other hand, if the annual vacation is spent with common sense, no matter if it be in town, country, or on the seashore, in my opinion, there is some good to be derived from holidays.

Barnsby-road. P. H. M.

BEST WAY TO KEEP FIT.

I heartily agree with "Yeoman" that a training with the Yeomanry is a splendid way to spend a holiday. I have served as a Yeoman for five years, and never felt better or more fit than after the annual training.

My advice to all men who are "fit" is, join the Yeomanry, and to those who are not, get fit. You will never regret it. It knocks the cobwebs off your mind and makes a man of you.

Ex-TRUMPETER, BERKS I.Y.

AVOID MONOTONY.

Only good holidays can produce good results. 1. Holidays should be short and frequent, and should take place each month.

2. Husband's holiday should be taken sometimes without wife or children, as this would give him a thorough change from home and work.

3. Wife's holiday should be taken sometimes without husband or children, to give her complete change from the monotony of home.

4. Children's holiday should be taken sometimes without father or mother, to free them from parental restraint, and teach them responsibility.

5. At times, husband, wife, and children should take holiday together, to cement their love in a fresh atmosphere.

London. LOVER OF HEALTH AND HOME.

The Stock Exchange being closed on Saturday, our usual City article does not appear in this issue.

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

For Accurate Cables from New York read

"The Daily Report."

1*d.* ON SALE 1*d.* EVERYWHERE.

READ IT! IT WILL PAY YOU!

Telephone Copy post free—"The Daily Report," Pavilion House, Margate Street, Bank E.C.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1130 and 2199 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: *Reflex*, London.
PARIS OFFICE: 6, Place de la Madeleine.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, AUGUST 21, 1905.

THE BIRTH-RATE.

HERE has been much talk and much writing the last few days about the drop in the birth-rate which is shown by the "hatch, match, and dispatch" returns. The general tendency is to deplore it, to talk vaguely about the "need for keeping up the population," to address remonstrances to women in particular (after the manner of Mr. Roosevelt), and to express anxiety about "the future of the race."

Suppose for a moment we leave the future to look after itself and consider what effect a reduction of numbers will have upon conditions of life in this country at the present time, looking at the matter especially from the point of view of the worker who creates wealth—a little for himself and a great deal for other people.

To employers of labour it is an immense advantage to have a population as large as possible. It means they can get labour cheap. When an employer has only to go outside and hold his hand up to get three times as many employees as he wants, he naturally puts wages down to the lowest point at which they will support life. There is very little arguing with a master who tells you that, if you don't like his terms, there are plenty of people who will be only too glad to take your place.

The employer's ideal is that there should always be far more people than jobs. The worker's ideal is that there should be more jobs than people.

The "best possible" would be that the number of people and the number of jobs should just tally. But that is a counsel of perfection. It is never likely to happen.

The employer will tell you that, if there were more jobs than people, production would diminish; the country would be less prosperous. What does this mean exactly? It means, in effect, that the employer would be less prosperous. Actually the workers would be more prosperous, since they could command better wages.

The amount of output would not be so vast. The trade and industry returns would contain smaller figures. But the mass of people would be better off. Their spending power would be larger. They would have more comfortable homes. Their bodies would be better nourished, and they would have time to use and develop their minds.

The countries which rank as the richest in the world are not those where we find the most contented and prosperous populations. They are countries in which a few people are very rich, a number of people moderately rich, and the great majority of the people very poor, if by poverty we mean failure to live up to a standard of reasonable comfort and inability to put by enough to support old age.

It would be quite possible, therefore, for the "wealth of the country," as recorded in official returns, to go down while the well-being of the population went up. So far as one can see, this is what would happen if the birth-rate dropped so low as to make the numbers of people and of jobs more equal.

Probably the diminution of births is a sign that Nature is adapting herself to altered conditions of life. When the mass of Britons were engaged in agriculture, and scattered over the face of the land, large families were more desirable. Now that the majority of the population tend to be gathered together in cities, they are less desirable. Nature has taken note of this and sends fewer babies.

Whether Man ought to assist Nature is a question upon which the best opinion is still divided. It is unanimous, however, in holding that we suffer in many ways from the over-population of our great cities, and this being so, it seems rather foolish to make so much fuss over a tendency which may in time remedy over-population and the evils which it brings in its train.

H. H. F.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Friendship in ill-luck turns to mere acquaintance. The wine of life goes into vinegar, and folks that hugged the bottle, shirk the cruel. —*Douglas Jerrold.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

ORD MOUNT-EDGCUMBE'S inquiries into the physical and mental condition of the people of Cornwall have attracted a great deal of attention, but Cornishmen have for many years had opportunities of appreciating his interest in them in ways which have never been reported to the general public. A friend once remarked that Lord Mount-Edgcumbe was "a martyr to the sense of duty," and it is certain that he is one of the few landlords of our time who live in the proper feudal manner. He scarcely ever leaves Cornwall, works incessantly over county business, and gives his personal attention to a thousand details which most people would be content to leave to subordinates.

* * *

As an instance of his great kindness I remember hearing that, not very long ago, a party of convalescents from a home near Mount Edgcumbe gained permission to go over the splendid parks of the estate. When he heard they were coming Lord Mount Edgcumbe, quite unaffectedly, went to meet them, drove up with them in their waggonettes, and showed them himself, with old-world courtesy, over the house and the grounds.

* * *

Mount-Edgcumbe has, by the way, the attraction of a ghost to add to its natural beauties of sea and river. A former Lady Mount-Edgcumbe was

the late Colonel Smith, who married an heiress, Miss Dorrien, of Haresford, Great Berkhamsted, and added his bride's name to his own in recognition of the wealth she brought him. I remember, by the way, a comic story about Haresford, the Smith-Dorriens' place in the country.

* * *

It was said that King Edward, then Prince of Wales, happened to lose his way while hunting near Mr. Leopold Rothschild's place, Leighton Buzzard, one day. He came upon Haresford, and remembering who owned it, rang the front-door bell. When the footman appeared the Prince said: "Will you tell your master that the Prince of Wales is outside and would like some lunch?" "No, I won't," said the footman unexpectedly. "Rats!" and, incredulous person, he slammed the door in the illustrious visitor's face.

* * *

It is said that the famous French painter, William Bouguereau, is still very weak after a recent illness, and that there is little hope of his recovery. Bouguereau is now an old man—eighty years old—but up till the last year or so he has been able to work pretty steadily. He must indeed have had an iron constitution, for he taxed it very severely during his early years, when he determined to stoke everything on an artistic career, and had to live on tenpence a day, with a menu, as he himself once said, "consisting of bread and cheese and clear water," from which sometimes the cheese was

PEACE WOULD BE CHEAPER THAN WAR.



Russia: Strikes me that's a pretty expensive bird.
Japan: Yes; but you can keep it a good deal cheaper than the dog.

—From the "Pittsburg Dispatch."

supposed to be dead, and was duly buried in the ancient family vault. A greedy butler in the household had noticed, however, that her wonderful rings had been buried with her, and he determined to secure them. Accordingly he descended—of course, at midnight—into the vault, and there, in the midst of bats and dead men's bones, proceeded to cut off her ladyship's fingers. But no sooner had he severed two from her hand than she arose in her shroud with a shrill scream. The butler went mad and threw himself into the sea, but the Countess had her hand bound up and lived for several years. It is the uneasy spirit of the butler that haunts Mount-Edgcumbe still.

* * *

The Sherwood Foresters have had a very able colonel assigned to them in the person of Major-General Smith-Dorrien, who is to succeed General Sir William Bellairs in the position. General Smith-Dorrien distinguished himself in South Africa, and in various parts of the Dark Continent most of his adventures have taken place. The most exciting of them was his famous run for life. He was set upon near the scene of the Battle of Isandlwana by a party of Zulus. His horse bolted and left him with no resource but his legs, which had been excellently trained for running at school. He kept well ahead of the crowd of Zulus—who are, by the way, famous for running—over the couple of miles which divided him from camp. He still keeps the boots worn on that marvellous run, but the soles of them had disappeared at the end of it!

* * *

General Smith-Dorrien is a brother of the Mr. Algernon Dorrien-Smith who is the "uncrowned King" of the Scilly Isles. There is supposed to be an extraordinary personal likeness between members of this family. The two brothers are sons of

conspicuous by its absence—and sometimes also the bread.

* * *

Perhaps for most people the greatest romance of Bouguereau's life will seem to be the story of his second marriage, which only took place some ten years ago, when he was already an old man. His second wife was a Miss Gardner, a New England woman, who had been his most attentive pupil for more than twenty years. So great was the influence of Bouguereau's painting over all Miss Gardner's work that the latter was occasionally accused of letting her master actually paint in her place. It was on account of Bouguereau's mother that they had to wait so long before marrying. This rather stubborn old lady refused to think of having another daughter-in-law, and the son, out of respect for her, waited until her death before he married again.

* * *

Some of the modern hotels seem to be responsible for making London attractive even in August for those who might, if they liked, be miles away from it—the hotels have made the season perpetual. That is, at any rate, the conclusion one must come to when one sees at the Savoy, for instance, so many interesting people. Here you have the supreme attraction of dining in view of a great river, in one of the prettiest restaurants in London, and amongst the visitors who have appreciated such advantages during the last week have been:—The Duke of Newcastle, Lord Farquhar, Lord Churchill, Lord Tweedmouth, Baron Eckhardtstein, Count Westphalen and Count Zetschini, of the Austrian Embassy; the Marquis de Soveral, Portuguese Minister; Baron Auschrauer, Lord Gerard, Lord de Veschi, the Hon. Cecil Campbell, Sir Thomas Brooke-Hitching, Sir Charles Sawle, and the Hon. T. C. R. Agar-Robartes.

The mention of the Savoy reminds me that, to celebrate the seventy-fifth birthday of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, Mr. Rapp, director of the Deutsche Bank, gave a large dinner-party there on Friday in the charming Louis Seize Room. The floral decorations were exceedingly well done; down the broad centre of the table was a meadow of lantana lilies, blossoming amongst sprigs of tinted oak-leaves, amidst which tiny pink-tinted electric lamps glowed, and the centre-piece comprised designs in block ice with fountains playing. The only toasts were to King Edward VII. and the Emperor Francis Joseph.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE FAILURE OF SCIENCE.

We are told by "H. H. F." that "science has destroyed the faith in Christianity of countless souls, and what has it to offer them in its place? Nothing."

Surely "H. H. F." must be sacrificing truth upon the altar of faith. Why, very article he uses for his comfort is a product of science; the materials of which his clothes are made; the utensils in which his food is prepared; the phonograph that will give him vocal and instrumental entertainment at home, and a host of other things.

Without science he would have no home worth the name, no railways, no ships, and no churches. Worse than all, without the friendly and scientific printing press his article could not be produced.

Science is the best friend we have, and the real Saviour of the race.

ERNEST PACK.

Iverton-road, Bordesley.

BARBARIC EARRINGS.

In defence of the fashion of wearing earrings, I must say I think nothing more enhances the charm of a pretty face than a pair of diamond or gold studs in the ears, and I always like to see ladies wearing them.

The old-fashioned drop or hoop earrings no doubt dragged down the ears and disfigured them, but with the present style of small ear-drops and studs I do not think the same can be said.

As a mere man, no doubt my opinion will not pass for much, but, as I always had a liking for these ear ornaments, I pierced my ears, and at the present time still wear small gold studs in them.

S. Lambeth.

PIERCED EARS.

BOARD SCHOOLS AND BAD MANNERS.

Where, if anywhere, does the responsibility of the parent begin and that of the teacher and school end?

Many of the children come from homes so vicious and surroundings so sordid that in spite of moral lessons regularly given they are still depraved.

Schools are, or should be, places where children receive instruction. The idea, however, seems to have gained ground lately that they are to become responsible for the feeding, clothing, and general up-bringing of children.

AN L.C.C. TEACHER.

WHY DO MEN SHAVE?

"X" states why he does not shave. The reasons I shave are:—

(1) I know I have a finely-wrought mouth and I desire to show it.

(2) My upper lip is narrow, and if I refrained from shaving the moustache would look too thin.

(3) I also desire to show my chin.

(4) Shaving makes me look younger.

(5) It is the fashion.

I am convinced, however, that shaving is unnatural; that it tends to make one bald; takes away one's manly appearance; makes moustache and beard, when they do grow, bristly and hard, and brings on greyness sooner.

HIRSUTUS.

VOLUNTEERS AND UNIVERSAL TRAINING.

If conscription or universal training (which is no doubt an excellent plan) should become general, would a young man who has served in the Volunteers and who has been efficient, be forced to submit?

I think, as a Volunteer, it is only necessary for a man to be trained who has had no training already.

E. G. H. (ex-Volunteer).

CLAPHAM, S.W.

It is only in exceptional and busy boxes that two signalmen are put together. In the majority of boxes the only time two men are together is when they are changing duty.

EDWARD KNIGHT.

Netherfield.

IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 20.—Summer quickly passes. It is hard work to keep the garden free from signs of decay. Soon it will be impossible.

The mountain ash, with its bright red berries, now makes a very pretty picture. Scarlet seed-pods begin to deck the white and red Japanese roses.

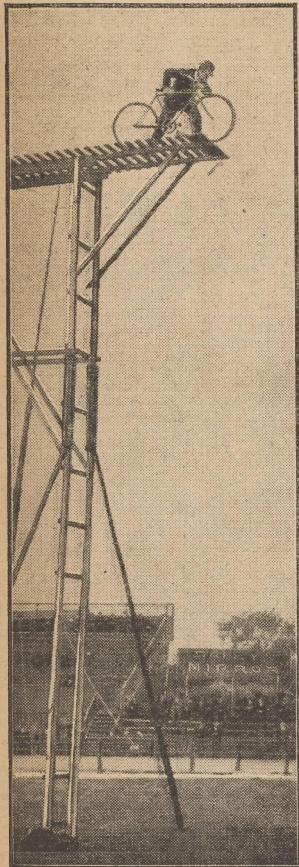
Golden yews and privets seem to grow brighter the day as various summer flowers planted near them droop and wither. It is a pity the golden yew is not often seen, for its beauty is unquestionable.

E. F. T.

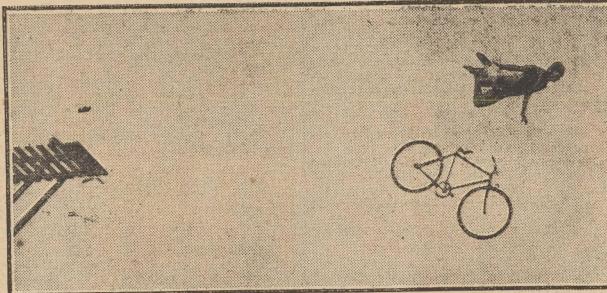


NEWS BY CAMERAS

ATHLETE'S DANGEROUS FEAT.

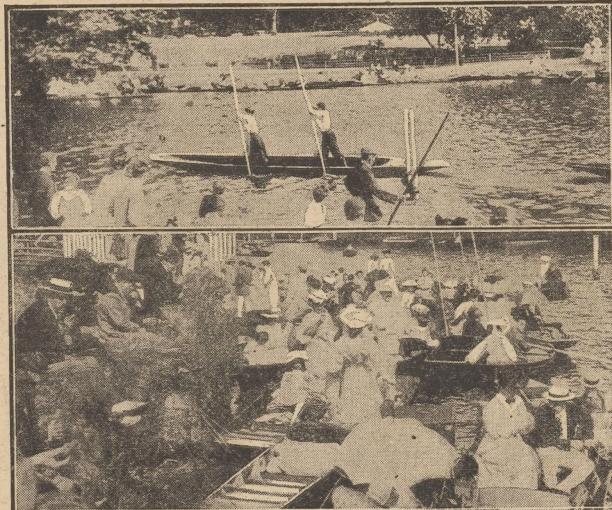


Schreyer on the top of the staging, over 100ft. high, specially erected for his performance, looking to see all clear before taking his dive into shallow water at Canning Town.



Remarkable snapshot, showing Schreyer and his bicycle in mid-air shortly after he had ridden off the platform of the staging, to dive into the tank beneath.

SATURDAY'S REGATTA AT WARGRAVE.

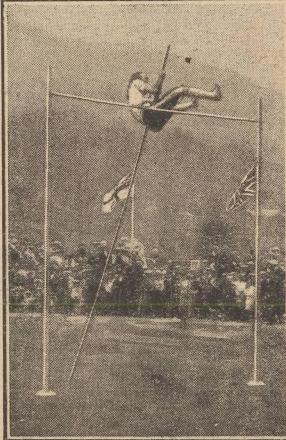


Wargrave Regatta was held on Saturday in fine weather, though there was a good deal too much wind. The upper photograph shows Miss V. Forrester and Mr. P. Forrester winning the lady-and-gentleman's double-punting race, and the lower is a snapshot taken by the side of the course.

OLYMPIAN GAMES AT GRASMERE.

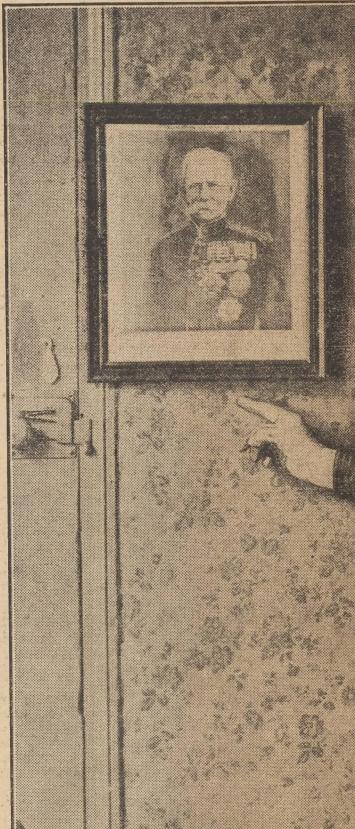


The games at Grasmere form one of the most important of northern athletic meetings, and they attracted thousands of spectators this year. The photograph reproduced was taken during the wrestling contests, which are a principal feature of the programme.



Pole-jumping at Grasmere, R. D. Dickenson, formerly champion pole-jumper of the world, failed to clear 11ft., but tied for the first prize.

LORD ROBERTS'S ADMIRING



Whilst motoring, Lord Roberts called at the Spa. A paper supplement portrait of himself on the wall. Landlady exclaimed, "Dear old Bob." Her as declared his identity before leaving and promises shows the landlady with the portrait when

IS YOUR PORTRAIT



Name

Address

If you appear in this photograph mark your address plainly in the space provided beneath it if you are one of the four people we have selected for a portrait at Worthing. Full particulars

PICTURES OF EVENTS



ESS AT ST. NEOTS.



ROYAL MOTORIST.



The King of Siam, who has just arrived in Paris, is an ardent motorist, to the alarm of his Ministers, who have petitioned him not to use the motor-car, on account of its danger.

APPEARING TO-NIGHT.



Miss Beryl Faber, who is making a welcome re-appearance in Mr. Weedon Grossmith's new play, "The Duffer," at the Comedy Theatre to-night.—
(Langfier.)

S. GROUP.



h an X and write your name and send it to the *Daily Mirror*, and half a guinea. The group was photographed will be found on page 6.

CARWARDINE CUP WINNER.



Leon Meredith won the Carwardine Cup for the third time at the Crystal Palace on Saturday.

DOUKHOBOR WOMEN IN LONDON.



Types of women among the Doukhobors who arrived in London on Saturday on their way from Russia to Canada. The Doukhobors are a religious sect who have undergone much persecution in Russia on account of their rather curious beliefs.

SALVATIONISTS' VETERAN GENERAL AT MARYPORT.



Children running to meet General Booth on his arrival at Maryport, Cumberland, where, as everywhere, he received an enthusiastic welcome. Inset is a snapshot of the General addressing the crowd from his motor-car.

BEACH TENT EVICTIONS AT SOUTHEND.



Some of the tents on the beach at Southend, which were pulled down and removed by order of the town council. The reason for the council's action was the failure of the owners to pay the 5s. fee required for licence to erect a tent on the beach.

WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?

More Advice from Our Readers
To Those Who Seek to Make
Marriage a Success.

A HAPPY HUSBAND.

To-day's batch of letters on this still absorbing topic are on the whole rather pessimistic. One reader thinks, however, that, with a little care, complete happiness may easily result from marriage:—

"WIVES MUST BE BREADWINNERS."

The man who with an income which does not more than comfortably keep him takes a wife to cut his bare income into miserable insufficiency, this man, in the first instance, makes two people miserable.

If he stopped there it would surely be bad enough. But when he proceeds to add yet more, not only to share, but increase his misery—well, judge!

The man sinks into poverty, the wife sinks with him—the children, the class, the nation.

The logical deduction, the plain fact, is: If a man nowadays marries, it is absolutely imperative that his wife become his helpmate to add to, not halve, his slender income. Children there must be any.

I know this raises the opposition of well-meaning Christians, whom I would but ask this question: Where is the command to have one, two, three, or an unlimited progeny?

Let men think before they act, not only for themselves, but for their brothers and sisters, their class, and their nation.

W.
Chelsea.

A REBUKE FOR PRESUMPTION.

In answer to "Quis Separabit?" I should like to say that in my opinion the reason why homes are destroyed and dwindle is because there are women who work to keep such people as himself.

If a man is not above being kept, he ought not to grumble at a woman taking less wages than himself.

If he cannot keep one wife, how is he going to manage to keep six or more? Perhaps he expects that by honouring them with his lordly presence they will be delighted to enable him to live in luxury and ease for the rest of his noble life.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

HAPPINESS WHILE UNMARRIED.

Men of to-day seem to think girls only marry either for money or to get out of business. But I am quite sure the majority of girls are happier in their single days.

They get married thinking the one they marry will prove as good a husband as a lover, but this is seldom the case.

There are a few men who share the household worries, but most of them seem to think a wife ought never to get tired or want to go out.

How much happier married life would be if men were not so selfish. A HARDWORKING WIFE. Woodbridge, Suffolk.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

I should like to add my testimony to the fact that there are to be found women who are worthy of the name and also men.

It seems to me the whole secret of the matter is that men and women rush headlong to the altar (or registry office, as the case may be) and get married before they have taken any trouble to find out each other's character and disposition.

I took the trouble to get to know my wife's character before marriage. We have therefore lived for eighteen years in unmixed peace and happiness.

HAPPILY MARRIED.
Croydon.

NO MUTUAL BOND.

I think Claire Cox-Murchison takes a most sensible view of the matter. What is good for the goose is good for the gander.

You may attract a woman's love or repel it. How often the wife is only too anxious to share her husband's joys and sorrow, but dares not approach. Why? Because there is no mutual bond between them.

Let men treat their wives as a part of their wife's self, in thought, word, and deed; then the bond of love will be inseparable.

E. REDWORTH.
Restholm, Liss, Hants.

A HOPELESS OUTLOOK.

I should like to thank a student of Gray's Inn for his kindly advice to deserted wives, but I must tell him that there is no such hope as he points out for me. Up till twelve months ago my husband took good care to let me know he was alive, although he did not support me or his child. Neither did he let me know his address. I only know he is, or was up till twelve months ago, in America.

A DESERTED WIFE.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

FOR NEW READERS.

What the Previous Chapters Contained.

In the manufacturing town of Stoke Magna, in the heart of the Midland, Sabra Vallence, a beautiful young girl, lived with her uncle, Capon Vallence. Though her Aunt Ursula tried to persuade her to enter a Sisterhood, Sabra, with the call of youth and love ringing in her heart, found the sacrifice too great and gave her heart to Dick Dangerville.

Though the son and heir of a peer, he was practically penniless, she knew, what *case* Sabra Vallence was in, when he was wrapped around with the rose mist of a boy's young dream?

Lord Blanquart de Balliol, Dick Dangerville's father, had left all his splendid inheritance—a series of almost unbroken family reverses, which had taken two years ago in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the finest estates in England.

Samuel Swindover, who had bought Balliol Castle from Lord Blanquart, was a crafty, vulgar financier, fabulously rich.

But not all Samuel Swindover's great possessions, not all the ill-gotten gold, the gainful and the gold, could come to Lord Blanquart de Balliol and his son, beggar and living almost at the castle gates on the last remaining corner of their once splendid inheritance, to look at him, to speak to him, or to touch him.

But Swindover had Lord Blanquart, who had been raising money on his meagre remaining possessions, in his power. The peer did not know that it was in reality Swindover who held the mortgages and bills that could not be met.

Swindover was just about to foreclose and ruin him, when Lord Blanquart arrived at the castle and sought an interview.

Swindover thought that at last the ice was broken and Lord Blanquart had come on a friendly visit. But it was to avenge a blow that the peer had cast. He wanted the last of his power, the last of his birthright, the last of his wealth, the last of his strength and splendour. Sabra resolved to sacrifice her love, and so wrote a letter to Dick, saying she could not marry him.

When Dick received the letter, he believed that Sabra had given up her love for him.

Meanwhile Fay Swindover has heard the news that the German Grand Duke, with whom she is in love, is engaged to be married to another. She therefore consents to her father's scheme for her marriage with Dick Dangerville.

CHAPTER XI.

The Place of Peace.

Sabra rode on her bicycle by the side of lush meadows that bordered the peaceful river. She rode towards the setting sun. There were beautiful, quiet pictures all along the way, cattle knee deep in grass by the ready river bank, cottagers tending their ease after the heat and burden of the day; a great stretch of pasture land, broken by clumps of venerable trees; a graceful skiff gliding down stream, a young man in white, a pretty umbrella on a pile of red cushions under a Japanese umbrella.

Everything spoke of peace, of harmony, of the deep-seated content, the accomplished beauty of the full, ripe season of the year. And Sabra rode away from Stoke Magna, but in the opposite direction to Balliol Castle and Dangerville Hall; she rode away from the man she loved and had renounced.

She had not had time to think yet. She was still doing things; she still had the spur of action; she had not yet come to the moment of the realisation of what she had lost.

About five miles from the busy town, she turned northwards into a beautiful leafy lane. At the end of it, great massive iron gates barred her way, their decorative open work sheeted from within, so that one could get no glimpse of what lay beyond.

Sabra dismounted from her bicycle, and rang a bell. A few moments, and the tall gates parted a little way. A small woman had opened them. She was dressed in a straight black garment, with a purple sash, and a white coif completely hid her hair. There was a cross on her breast and a smile on her lips. She appeared to have come out of a small ledge of grey stone, set in a gay parterre of flowers, within the gates.

She immediately laid her brown, capable hands on Sabra's bicycle.

"Thank you," said the girl, with a smile. "How do you do, Agatha? I will leave my bicycle here and walk up to the Abbey."

The woman smiled again, but did not speak. Conversation was discontinued here, unless it was necessary.

Sabra walked through a broad avenue of noble elms, with great stretches of velvet sward on either side. She soon came in sight of the Abbey of St. Ursula, as it was now called, since her aunt, Lady Ursula Vallence, had acquired the beautiful half-ruined Abbey of Stoke ten years ago, restored it, and established in it the sisterhood which she had founded, and placed under the special guardianship of the martyred English princess whose name she bore.

It was a beautiful, grey, weather-beaten pile, patched with ivy in places. It was very long and low, with lovely, elaborate windows and an impressive stone porch. To the left of the main building rose the ridged roof of a chapel, with a small spire, topped by a great gilded cross. Just in front of the Abbey the lawns were more broken and intersected by gravel-paths, bordered with flowers. There was also a row of stone seats, supported by lions' heads,

placed on a raised terrace of sward just beneath the windows.

Sabra found the massive oak door closed. This place of retreat from the world was one into which one must seek admission. She knocked, and in a moment or two the door was opened to her by a woman in precisely the same garb as the one who had opened the outer gates, with the same smile on her lips.

This woman was also known to Sabra by name.

"I want to see Lady Ursula, Cloakdale," she said. "Is there any service going on? You have so many, I never know. If so, I'll wait outside in the sun."

"The Lady Superior is in her room," the woman answered. "Will you come in, Miss Vallence? I will go and announce your visit."

Sabra entered the hall, and the great doors were shut behind her. Involuntarily she shivered. It was so dark, so chilly. She had been here many times, and she had never experienced the feeling before. It must have been that she had always had something in her heart that shed a warm radiance wherever she went.

It was a great, vaulted hall; the walls were covered with fine tapestry, pieces of splendid old oak furniture were piled ranged against them; in the centre was a perfect bower of palms. From this had radiated a labyrinth of passages. When the lay-sister came back and told her that the Lady Superior awaited her Sabra followed one of these passages, that was vaulted and paved with stone, but richly carpeted, until she came to a door set deep in the thick walls, on which she knocked with all the strength of her gloved knuckles. The voice that answered sounded very far away.

A flood of reddening sunshine illuminated the room that she stepped into, a small room with walls of prodigious thickness, and one big window to the west. There were several bookcases, stiff, straight chairs, a large table—all of oak. Not a trace of feminine occupation, not a scrap of needlework, not a flower. An open door revealed a tiny oratory, a marble altar, a mass of blossoms, softly glowing colour on painted walls.

A woman looked up from the table at which she sat writing. Immediately one knew her to be related to the girl—Vallence.

There were two things possessed by every Vallence who had ever been born: woe, woeiful purple eyes, and a look of unbending pride. In Sabra, youth and tenderness softened this latter family trait; the Canon had had it in earlier days, but it had been wiped away by the love that he bore to his fellow-men. In Lady Ursula, his sister it was the chief characteristic of her face.

It was a bloodless face, with pale lips, tightly folded, that Lady Ursula raised in cold greeting to her niece. Above the low brow was a band of spotless linen; over it a voluminous drapery of black. Her spare form was enveloped in straight folds of some very soft black material, girdled at the waist; over her shoulders was the characteristic garment of the order, half-cape, half-hood, of white, lined with purple silk. Round her thin throat was a single string of large and beautiful pearls, hanging from it a blazing diamond cross.

"I am astonished to see you, Sabra, but very glad," said this austere-looking lady. She laid down her massive gold pen, and folded her beautiful hands beneath her flowing sleeves. She was a woman of fifty, but there was no line on her face. Also, there was not the faintest trace of human affection in her voice, as she spoke to her niece. "I thought," she added, "that you had left for good."

"I have come back, Aunt Ursula," said the girl. There was a weary tone in her voice; she leaned her head against the hard, straight back of her chair.

"Have you come back for good?" A tremor passed over the hard, severe features that had the sculptured beauty of an image carved in stone. There was a faint note of excitement in the measured voice.

"I don't know, Aunt Ursula," said Sabra dully.

"But I don't understand," persisted the older woman, with a faint touch of human interest. "I thought you were going to marry Richard Dangerville. When my brother was here—why, it was only two days ago—he told me that it was all arranged. I had buried all my hopes for you,"

"I have changed my mind," said the girl in a mechanical voice. "It was only this morning. I wrote to Dick to tell him that I cannot marry him, after all."

"And you have come back here—to us!" A sigh of intense relief escaped the elder woman's lips; they moved noiselessly for a moment, as if in thanksgiving.

Lady Ursula, the Canon's elder sister, had lived the ordinary life of a rich woman of the world until on her fortieth birthday, she had renounced worldly things, and set about founding the Sisterhood which was now her sole interest in life. She was enormously rich, having inherited a large fortune from her maternal grandmother. And the result of the combined forces of her money and her zeal was the Sisterhood of the Abbey of St. Ursula. Despite the fact that she had in many instances departed from the usual conventional rules, the establishment enjoyed the warm support of several powerful clerics belonging to the advanced Ritualistic party in the Anglican Church. It had always been Lady Ursula's desire, since the girl had come to live with her uncle, after the sudden and tragic

A Golden Rule

For

Stout People.

Why is it that stout persons so often are weak, depressed, and irritable? Why is it that the slightest exertion seems to exhaust them in so distressing a way that life becomes a burden to them? It is not always because of the excess of fat; many stout people are as cheerful, if not as active, physically and mentally, as persons of a slim build. No, it is simply because they will persist in the attempt to half-starve and drug themselves into thinness that many of them enfeeble their constitutions, and grow morose and depressed, sometimes getting themselves into such a debilitated condition as to be an easy prey to disease germs. Moreover, they seldom grasp the fact that the old-fashioned methods of reducing weight by restricting the supply of nourishment to the system and employing mineral and other drugs never produce any permanent decrease of weight, unless the constitution is grievously undermined. In nine cases out of ten as soon as the sufferer begins to take a normal amount of food again the fat begins also to reappear. Thus, in order to keep thin the old methods mostly had to be employed continuously. Hence debilitation and despondency, and, too frequently, disease.

The golden rule for stout people is to avoid drugging, semi-starvation, and all other weakening processes, and to go through a short course of Antipon treatment, the simplest, safest, and pleasantest treatment ever devised, and the only one which permanently cures corpulence and at the same time restores and increases strength and vitality. Antipon is the "feed-up," tonic treatment, and once the weight is reduced to normal the doses may be discontinued. Antipon is a pleasant liquid tonic, containing none but harmless vegetable ingredients. It promotes appetite and tones up the digestive organs. The person under treatment must eat well, and the food must be of the wholesomest kind, to enrich the blood and form muscle, bone, and brain tissue. There are no irksome dietary restrictions. Meanwhile the superfluous and diseased fatty deposits are gradually being absorbed and eliminated, the body regains symmetry, and the dangerous accumulations of fatty matter that hinder the healthy, natural action of the vital organs are removed with lasting benefit to the general health. Within a day and a night of starting this wonderfully efficacious treatment there is a reduction of weight varying between 8oz. and 3lb., according to the individual case. A steady daily decrease then sets in, and continues until complete cure, so that at the end of the course the patient is not only greatly improved in health and vitality but has permanently regained correct proportions, and standard weight according to height. A course of the famous Antipon treatment will make a new being of any stout person, however long he or she may have suffered from excessive corpulence. Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc.; or, should difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending amount) post free in private package, direct from the sole manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

The "Illustrated Mail" in July 15 issue says:—

As a really efficacious permanent cure for obesity, Antipon is all that could be desired. First of all, it is unmistakably a radical cure for the disease. Secondly, it is agreeable to take, perfectly harmless, and need not be supplemented by any sort of general treatment, such as fatiguing exercises, sweating, incessant cathartics, etc. Antipon is a remedy in itself and needs no troublesome dietary or other restrictions. In fact, there need be no change from one's ordinary mode of prudent living. Antipon will do the necessary reductive work quickly and effectively, and once normal weight and size are arrived at the doses may be abandoned without fear of a relapse. The cure is permanent. Antipon reduces weight from the very first doses (from 8oz. to 3lb. during the first day and night), and the decrease proceeds pleasantly and unobtrusively—quite magically, in fact—until the desired result is achieved. Antipon has a general tonic and invigorating effect upon the entire system, so that at the end of the cure the patient is both healthier and stronger in muscle and nerve, and feels and looks many years younger.

(Continued on page 11.)

THE HOLIDAY THAT NEVER CAME.

Will You Help to Prevent Other Little Ones Being Disappointed?

MONOLOGUE WITH A MORAL

By F. ANSTEY.

(By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co.)

SCENE: An airless court in a London back street.

TIME: August.

Jimmy (aged eight, to Florrie, aged seven): No, I ain't comin' to the Reckereation Groun' not jess yit, I can't. . . . I'm goin' to wote about 'ere till the lidy comes. . . . Why, 'er as is comin' to see my Muver 'bout sendin' me fur a fortnight in the kentry. . . . 'Yus, where I was last year. . . . It's settled as I'm ter go agine—leastways, as good as settled.

My Farver, 'e've sent in a hopplication to the K'mitty, and Teacher's sez 'e kin reckermend me, an' Mr. and Mrs. Delves—them as 'ad the cottidge where I went afore—they've ast fur to 'ave me agin—so yer see, Florrie, it's all right. On'y I can't settle to nuffink afore I know when I'm goin', an' about the trine an' that. Ver 'ave ter roide in the trine ter git to the kentry, yer know. Wot, ain't ver never bin there? . . . Ver'd wanter fawst enough if yer know what it was. There's grōss there, an' trees an' that. Na-ow, a lot better'n the Reckereation Groun'—that's all mide outer old grivestones as the deaders 's done wiv.

A COCKNEY'S VISION.

There's 'ills an' bushes an' 'edges where yer can pick flowers. . . . There ain't no perlice to git yer lockers up. . . . An' everythink smells so lovely, kinder 'tithy-like—it mikes yer feel 'ungry. Not like sassages an' onions an'cally—ain't that sorter smell? . . . On'y 'ere an' there, an' yer'd 'ardly tell they was shops, they kerry 'n' on that quojet. . . . Ye wouldn't call it poor if you was there.

Mr. Delves 'e was a kind man, 'e was; mide me a widdle outer a tickermore brach, 'e did; an' Mrs. Delves she lemme 'elp her feed the chickens. They 'ad a gadding beyind, an' ther'd bin rasberries an' gooseberries a-growin' on bushes—strite, there 'ad—I ain't tellin' yer no lies—on'y they was all gone by then. An' they 'ad a dog—Rover 'is name was—'e was a koid dog, lemme lay inside of 'is kennel orfen, 'e would. I'd like ter 'ave run over that Common agen, too.

I dessay as I shell—preps the d'y arter to-morrer. There's a pond on it, an' geese, an' they comes at yer a-striching out their necks an' a jissin' that sevige.

Bob Rumble, 'im as druv Mr. KENNISTER the grocer's cart, 'e used ter gimme a roide along of 'im when 'e was tiking round porcles an' that. We'd go along lanes that 'igh yer couldn't see nuffink fur leaves; and once 'e druv along a Pork with tremenjus trees in it, an' stags walkin' about underneath with grōss big 'orns. . . . I think like 'im as is drawed outside the public round the corner—on'y they warn't none o' them gold. I 'speck them gold ones is furrin'.

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP."

'Ere, Florrie, you ain't croyn', are yer? Why don't yer ask yer Farver if 'e won't let you go? . . . Oh, I thought as you wanted to go. Then what are you? . . . No, I ain't gled to get aw' from yer. . . . There's the lidy comin', now. I must cut across an' 'ear what she sez to Muver.

(After an Interval of Twenty-four Hours.)
No, I ain't bin nowhere partic'ler. . . . Settled? 'Yus, it's all setteld 'bout me goin' to the kentry. . . . To-morrer, no, I ain't goin' to-morrer. . . . 'Nex' week? not as I knows on. You wanter know sitch a lot, you do! . . . If I do tell yer, you'll on'y go an' larf. . . . Well, I ain't goin' at all—now I 'ope you're pleased.

What's the good o' bein' sorry? . . . Oh, I don't keech much, I don't. . . . Set down on this step alonger me, and then, don't you go saying nuffink, or I'll stop tellin' of yer. . . . Yer remember me goin' in yesterday afternoon to 'ear what the lidy said? Well, when I got in, I 'eard 'er s'y, "Yus, 'till it'll be a great disappointment for 'im, pore boy," she sez, "arter lookin' forward to it an' all; but it can't be 'elped."

An' Muver, she sez, "Is Farver'll be sorry, too? . . . done Jimmer set much good last time. 'E can't pay now more 'arf-a-crownd a week 'owda's it, but he can manage that bein' in work jes' now?" But the lidy sez, "It's this 'ow," she sez, "it costis us neely 'arf a suffering over, 'cause the parents pays fur each child, and we ain't got the parents' fur to send more'n a few, 'cos the Public don' subscribe so much as they might," she sez. "An' so this year we're on'y sending children as is delikit, an' really wants a change."

So yer see, I ain't a-goin'. I dunno as I'm delikit; but I do want the kentry orful bad, I do.

The Moral: The offices of the Children's Country Holidays Fund are at 18, Buckingham-street, Strand, and contributions should be made payable to the Hon. Treasurer, the Earl of Aran.

MISS KELLERMANN'S CHANNEL SWIM.



The lady champion swimmer landing after her last long practice swim before attempting to cross the Channel. Miss Kellermann will make the attempt this week if conditions are favourable.

GREAT SAND-CASTLE CONTEST AT YARMOUTH.



General view of the *Daily Mirror* castle-building contest on the sands at Yarmouth on Saturday. There was a very large number of competitors, and thousands of spectators watched the builders at work.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

death of both her parents in India two years before, that her niece Sabra should join the Sisterhood, and eventually take over the lofty and responsible position of Lady Superior when she herself should be no more. This idea was gently but firmly opposed by her brother, who unhesitatingly pronounced it as his opinion that such a life was not suited to the best needs of the girl's nature.

Sabra, made aware of her aunt's desire, had consented to spend a few weeks of the year at the Abbey; and when, in the end, she had chosen the world Lady Ursula had been bitterly disappointed, the more so because she disapproved of the reason of her niece's decision with all the strength of her narrow and fanatical soul. She had made up her mind that her niece was to lead the celibate life, far removed from the lesser joys of the world, the moving spirit in this place of peace, with no part in the normal life of women—that Lady Ursula considered only fitted for those of a gross and inferior fibre, and made up of pleasures and passions that disfigured the soul. She had intended to do everything for the girl, to give her a handsome sum of money as a dowry when she entered on her religious life. The dowry would have been of far more use to Sabra in the world, but Lady Ursula would never have contemplated giving of her wealth to facilitate a mundane alliance—she who, in her savage spinster mind, thought of marrying and giving in marriage as a degradation of the soul.

But now it seemed that her disappointment had been pre-empted for her by Sabra, only a week after she had left the Abbey for ever, telling her that she was not going to marry Richard Dangerville and that she had come back.

"I don't want to come back here—that is, not for the present," said Sabra suddenly. "I want you to give me some work in your settlement in Stoke Magnus. I want to be busy among the poor."

"But why not come here—to us?" asked Lady Ursula insistently. "There are enough workers there; this is not the bad time. And here you will find peace."

The girl threw out her arms.

"I shouldn't! I should stifle!" she cried. "It's no good, Aunt Ursula. You must help me in my own way or not at all."

"Of course, you shall go to the settlement if you really wish it," said the elder woman coldly. "It is a good preparation, a sight of the horrors of the world—it makes you long more for peace, for the withdrawal from the world. And so," she added sternly, leaning forward, with a light of almost fierce exultation in her splendid, luminous eyes, "you have found out for yourself the emptiness of human love, the shifting sand on which all attempts to build a house of human happiness must inevitably rest! You have discovered that man is a weak vessel on which a woman's finer nature can never lean; you have found him low, gross, selfish, material, perfidious? Thank God, Sabra, that you have found it out in time!"

(To be continued.)

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

THE FORTUNE FILLY, by Howel Scrutton. Opens with an enthusiastic commendation of English hotels and of that rare bird, the English waiter; proceeds to a spiritual account of racing, and ends with a Newmarket, and ends with the hero's winning a wife in the same spirit as he wins a race. Ward, Lock, & Co.

A BLOODY GRANADE, by Mrs. Boobly. A story in itself, as a very fair example of Mrs. Boobly's skill in storytelling. Begins on a South American ranch and ends in a mystery at Brighton. Interest kept up all the time for readers who are not very interested, and who are satisfied with incidents in rapid summary, vividly described.

VIVIEN, by John Milton. Methuen, 6s. The best novel published for some time. Characters very real.

Story interesting and sympathetic. Plenty to read in it.

It is a good example of Mrs. Boobly's skill in

life in dressmakers' shops, fashionable and otherwise, contrast vividly with pictures of the luxurious existence of the rich.

SAINTLY SINNERS: AN EPIC OF OUR TIME. Stated to be by John Milton. Reincarnate and Disillusioned.

For a while it was a success, but it has lost its faculty for writing poetry as well as his illusions, for this is but a laboured satire of contemporary politics written in a style which is distressingly blank and

gronine.

THE BETTER HALF, by George Griffith. A story in the K'rnal. A story of the Indian army, and one who is considered rather a fool in his family, and sent out to be forgotten in the Indian army. Naturally, he dismally fails, and becomes the victim of Sir Derek Ferrers, lieutenant-governor of wide provinces, when his story ends, as the author puts it, "for the present." F. V. White and Co. 6s.

Men and Women Alike

PRaise DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

"Let me confess I did not tell my wife I was taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I had an idea that pills so good for ladies would be of little use to men. I was mistaken; the pills are not an 'old woman's remedy.' They are wonderful tonic strength-giving medicines, as good for men as for women; I have proved this." The speaker, Mr. Hazelhurst, 8, Isaac-street, Toxteth, Liverpool—continued: "I had to be out in heat or rain, and my meals were taken when work allowed. I fell into a low state of health, and grew so 'seedly' and unfit for work that at last I gave up the struggle. My appetite vanished. I slept badly at night and felt tired out in the morning. I was utterly wretched and hopeless through my weak state. But there was a wonderful change in me when I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the advice of a friend. After a week I felt brighter and better in every way. I steadily improved, and now can eat a hearty meal with a relish. I sleep well and awake refreshed, and am capable of dealing with plenty of work. My recovery is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Pale anaemic women and weak hopeless men find renewed health in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which make new rich blood, besides imparting "tone" to the nervous system. They have cured countless cases of Anaemia, Indigestion, Bile, Eczema, Kidney Disease, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Paralysis, and Locomotor Ataxy. Of all dealers, also post free for 2s. 9d. (six boxes for 18s. 9d.) from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Holborn-viaduct, London.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR WEAK EYES



A wonderful remedy for Weak, Inflamed, or Tired Eyes. Try it to-day.

Recommended by eminent specialists. Write for Pamphlets containing recent marvellous cures. Price 2s 6d per bottle, post free. Guaranteed free from all harmful admixtures.

THE ILENE CO. (Room A5)
304, High Holborn, London, W.C.

£100 CASH PRIZE.

GOLD & CO. have succeeded in bringing on the market the **CHIAPATO WATCH** produced at a much lower cost than to the public at the ridiculous price of 2s. 3d. in order to circulate their new catalogue, and in return will give a prize of £100 to the person of full blood in simple conditions. The watch is **keyless** with extra long mainspring, a good timekeeper, and practically **water-proof**. **CHIAPATO WATCH** (not a toy) for a boy or working man. With your letter send 2s. 3d. extra for postage and packing (**Colonials** 1s. extra), and you may gain the £100 prize.

GOLD & CO., No. 8
The Watch House, Delamere Crescent, London, W.

A SMART ARREST!

Of your attention to our offer to send you FREE of charge Patterns of our 2s. 6d. Suits to Measure. Send to Messrs. Smith & Sons, 10, Newgate-street, E.C. 2. A pattern of a suit is now made.

Send a postcard for FREE Patterns of our Cloths, and you will be astonished at the value we give.

TROUSERS TO MEASURE AT 6s. SUPERFINE QUALITY SUITS

To Measure at 27s. 6d. We will also send you absolutely FREE of charge, tape measure, fashion plate, and full instructions how to measure yourself, which need not be returned.

Money Returned if you are not Satisfied. Call or Write. Agents Wanted.

CURZON BROS. (Dept. 153)
60 & 62, CITY ROAD,
FINSBURY,
LONDON, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1890.

NOTED NEEDLEWOMEN AND THE WORK THEY DO—EARLY AUTUMN HAT FOR A GIRL.

THE GENTLE ART
OF THE NEEDLE.RIBBONS TWISTED INTO FAVOURS
FOR THE DANCE.

Although the Queen probably prefers painting in water-colours, an art in which she excels, and painting upon china, to needlework, her skilful fingers produce many a piece of beautiful embroidery.

Princess Victoria is a clever leather worker, and Princess Christian and her daughter, Princess Victoria, embroider elaborately and most beautifully. Princess Louise, Princess Christian's other daughter, devotes herself almost exclusively nowadays to enamelling on silver, and has lately taken lessons from an eminent master in the art.

A Princess Who Makes Hats.

Princess Patricia of Connaught has very nimble fingers. She draws to admiration, having inherited her aunt, Princess Louise, the Duchess of Argyll's, talent, and is also clever at millinery. There is nothing she enjoys more than making a hat, or wreath, or bow for herself, her sister, or cousins.

But perhaps the most gifted with her fingers of all the members of the Royal Family is the Crown Princess of Rumania. She has an eye for colour and for form, and not long ago designed and worked herself without the slightest trouble or effort the most wonderful coverlet of heliotrope brocade heavily embroidered with silver. When finished it was a work of art.

The Duchess of Somerset and Leeds, Lady Grosvenor, Lady Anester, Mrs. Percy Wyndham and her three gifted daughters—Lady Elcho, Mrs. Adeane, and Mrs. Edward Tennant—are all experts at fine needlework. Lady Windsor, Mrs. Eddie Bourke, too, and Lady Carew, who with her sister, Mrs. Cory, has embroidered silk panels wherewith to hang the drawing-rooms of her Irish home, Castle Boro. Lady Margery Manners and her friends, the two Misses Horner, are also quick at designing and executing pretty presents in needlework for their friends.

Flowers Made of Ribbons.

Delightfully dainty are the china ribbon flower bows which girls are now making for their hair, and for favours to be exchanged in the cotillon. Wire is required for the stems of the flowers as well as to secure the petals to the stems and to formulate the centre. Roses are put together quickly, and violets and sweet peas are pretty and not difficult to produce. Geraniums, lilies, snowballs, verbenas, and daisies are best when bunched. It is a great point to group and colour the flowers so that they may represent the real ones.

Now that stocks, which cover such a multitude of sins that none of us can afford to do without them, are an important feature in every modish woman's attire, it is an amusing as advantageous for a neat worker to make them at home. The turn-over sets are mostly carried out in fine white linen, and a narrow ruffle of knife-pleated lace makes a pretty finish. But they can be made in silk and in every colour, and elaborately trimmed with baby ribbons and narrow laces of écrù and white combined or narrow black velvet ribbon and black lace.

Oddments of Chiffon.

Best of all, they can be adorned with chiffon, which, although you will perhaps hold up your hands when you hear it, washes so well and wears so admirably. Nearly every woman has quantities of pieces that are suitable for stocks left over from past glories, of which dainty collars and other oddments may be made. A charming and useful set to wear with white Japanese silk shirts are fashioned of white Organdie and Valenciennes lace.

A woman I know with her own fingers has begun to make herself a set of under-wear—all of thick white chiffon and Valenciennes lace. Her initials she embroiders upon the various garments in rose-coloured silk. She has the greatest hopes of that set, which will, however, take a long time to accomplish in completion.

TAPESTRY GIRDLES.

The girl who has an eye for the beautiful cannot do better than make herself several of the new tapestry belts in different shades. These are wider at the back than in the front, and are composed of the most beautiful pieces of tapestry embroidery. In the front the girdle is caught with a buckle, which may be as small or as large as desired.

A very pretty model is carried out in old ivory silk, worked with the finest cross-stitch embroidery.

In the middle of the back there is applied a big tapestry pansy, and in the front the belt is finished off with a pansy buckle, which makes a very effective finish to it.

These belts are to be seen shortly with the new autumn coats, and will look particularly well passed through a Louis XV. coat of silk or velvet, in such a manner that the belt will hold the coat in tightly at the back while the fronts will be allowed to fly open and reveal a lovely vest beneath.

GOOD COFFEE.

HOW IT IS MADE AT ITS BEST IN
DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

Each country has its methods, to which it claims a proprietary right, and each country has its myriads of cooks, who have their own little fads on the subject of making coffee. To have coffee really good it is necessary to have it newly roasted and ground. Always use freshly boiled water, infusion is the method adopted by some people,

coffee for this aids in bringing out the all-important flavour. Pour the boiling water on to it, set it on the fire, and let it come to boiling point with actually rising. At this point stir it well and put the lid on, and then set it again on a slow fire till the scum rises. Lift it off the fire, allow it to settle, and repeat this process once more. Take out a cupful, pour it back into the saucepan, let it settle for a few minutes, then strain it and use it with plenty of boiled milk.

Café noir is a strong decoction of black coffee, which is served in small cups and is often partaken of unsweetened or merely flavoured with a teaspoonful of brandy, or it can be sweetened and served with a spoonful of stiffly whipped cream on the top of each cup.

To produce Turkish coffee, the coffee is put into its little metal pot, in the proportion of, say, two large tablespoonsful of coffee, two lumps of sugar, and half a pint of boiling water. Allow it to boil, and bring it to the boil three times, after which pour it off into hot cups. This coffee should be served without milk or cream.

Boiled coffee is made by putting a sufficient quantity of finely ground coffee into the pot and pouring in freshly boiled water. Allow it to boil,



Here is a pretty hat for a girl made of russet red straw, with trimmings of brown and red autumn burs upon it and foliage shaded from brown to red.

while others do not consider the flavour sufficiently extracted by boiling.

Perhaps the most perfect method is that of filtering, and for this purpose a good mixture of one-third of Mocha coffee and two-thirds of Java is to be preferred. The proportion used is one heaped tablespoonful of coffee to two gills of water. Put the coffee in the muslin filter which hangs in the coffee-pot. See that the coffee-pot is hot, then very slowly pour in the boiling water. Allow it to almost come to boiling point, and during the next ten minutes pour out the water twice and refilter it through the coffee.

A Pinch of Salt.

Café au lait is merely very strong coffee, served with an equal proportion of boiled milk. The inexperienced are sure they cannot err when preparing hot milk, but they can, and very easily. First of all the saucepan must be perfectly clean, or the flavour will be spoiled, and it should be rinsed with cold water, as this lessens the risk of burning. The milk must be slowly heated till it nearly reaches boiling point. Last but not least comes the warning not to forget to heat the cups and milk jug with hot water, or the temperature of the beverage will be lowered, and it is only very hot coffee that is worth the drinking.

Very good coffee can be made in an ordinary enamelled saucepan. Put a pinch of salt into the

then remove it from the fire, add the crushed shell and beaten white of one egg, put it into the pot again on the fire, and bring it to the boil. Remove it, allow it to settle for five minutes, then serve it.

UNFLATTERING MIRRORS.

It is a comfort to be told, as the beauty doctors who make a specialty of curing facial defects almost always tell their patients, that everyone looks less pretty in the looking-glass than in reality. How many women dread the task of buying a new hat for no other reason than that to do so obliges them to look in the glass and see how uninteresting-looking they have become.

If they will only remember that looking-glasses tell the most egregious untruths, that they darken and dim the complexion, magnify wrinkles and lines, and fail almost entirely to give back those changing expressions which constitute the charm of many a faulty face, they will take courage.

No woman is ever quite natural when she inspects herself in her looking-glass. Her face is in repose, her mind is nearly a blank. What she looks at is a sort of impersonal mask. What her friends see is a human face illuminated with animation, interesting and appealing, even if it fulfil none of the demands of the critical beauty connoisseur.

Icilmia.

Icilmia Natural Water is a marvellous panacea remedy for skin sores, rashes, scabs, chilblains, rashes, eruptions, cuts, burns, and insect stings. Prevents and cures sunburn, prickly heat, eczema, and irritations from heat.

Icilmia Fluor Cream contains no grease, and its cleansing virtues make the skin healthy, transparent, free from wrinkles, and give a lovely clear complexion that needs no powder.

Icilmia Soap is invaluable for hard or brackish water, and is a most useful article for a travelling woman, as it is a toilet and medicinal soap can be.

Its marvellous healing and beautifying powers, its absence of colour, and its irritant qualities make Icilmia a necessity in every home and to every traveller.

Water, 1s. Cream 1s. Soap 1d.

Send 2d. for samples Soap and Cream, and Booklet with Coupon.

ICILMIA CO., LTD. (Dept. B), 142, Gray's Inn-road, London.

REPAIR
YOUR HAIR

AND SKIN during
holiday time by using
JOHN STRANGE
WINTER'S HAIR

FOOD and the other Genuine Toilette Articles invented by the Author of "Boots' Baby." Awarded Gold Medal Colonial and Indian Exhibition. Those who use these practical preparations are not "too old at forty"—they are fresh and comely at any age. Particulars FREE (on naming this paper) from JOHN STRANGE WINTER, 14, West Kensington Mansions, London, W.

A STYLISH SKIRT FREE.

FOR POSTAL ORDER 1s. 9d. we will forward a Handsome Waist-belt with a duchess night-robe, together with a matching hat and gloves, and a matching SKIRT FREE, by return post. These skirts are made in all sizes in the latest West End fashions, and are made in various shades or in Black material, which is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. We give a 10% discount in order to increase the sale of our Belts.

M. NORA & CO.,
SKIRT DEPT.,
96, Mildmay Road, LONDON, N.

2/6 SUITS

2/6 with Order will secure you a high-class SUIT or OVERCOAT, West End Cutters.

T. RUSSELL & CO.,
137, FENCHURCH ST., and 18, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
ALL TRANSACTIONS CONFIDENTIAL.

A great comfort these days to be able to do the family wash without steamy suds, without undue exertion, with nicer, sweeter clothes.

All who use it rightly know that Fels-Naptha soap takes only about half usual time, with about half usual labour to do the work.

And Fels-Naptha takes away the most disagreeable part of the work.

When using Fels-Naptha divest yourself of all old ideas and try the modern, the easy way of washing clothes and cleaning house.

At once it will be seen what great value Fels-Naptha is in domestic economy. 2d a bar.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London EC

THERE ARE 46 PEOPLE

in all parts of the Country offering you all kinds of bargains on page 16. Just look down it.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

Meredith Permanently Captures Carwardine Cup.

WALKING RECORD BY LARNER.

Saturday was a red-letter day on the cinder-path and the cycling track. Meredith made a permanent capture of the Carwardine Cup at the Crystal Palace, there were some world's walking records by Larner, and the champion sprinter met, with defeat at Brighten.

CARWARDINE CUP.

Probably no rider has had such a remarkable sequence of successes in connection with the classic trophies of the cycling track as Larner, who has won the second "Carwardine" Gold Cup passed into Meredith's hands, after his third successive win in the annual 100 miles' contest. Meredith has not enjoyed good health just lately, and in view of this he has not been able to hold the lead with the exception of a couple of laps in the fourth mile. His time was 3hr. 58min. 27.5sec. Three miles behind came J. Draper of the Amherst, in 4hr. 10min. 50.5sec., and J. C. Razzell of the Amherst, in 4hr. 15min. 30sec. Larner, who is a teacher, was third in an enthusiastic race. He gave the impression that he had just finished a training spin rather than a 100 miles ride in the wake of ripples of speed.

NEW WORLD'S WALKING RECORDS.

It was on July 3, 1897, in the four miles walking championship, at Raliford, Manchester, that the then champion, J. Sturges, of the Polytechnic Harriers, established his record of 21min. 56sec. for these miles, and 28min. 24.5sec. was stood to him until last Saturday, when, at the Brighton and County Harriers' sports at Preston Park, G. E. Larner (a member of the Brighton and County Harriers), and present holder of the two miles' record, set up a new mark. Larner held those figures completely in the shade by walking his first mile in 3min. 39.5sec., and the two miles in 3min. 31.5sec., three miles in 2min. 35.5sec. (second), and four miles in 2min. 39.5sec. (third). The record was 28min. 24.5sec., by J. W. Baby, in 1893. The event was a four miles' open walking handicap, which Larner won by a narrow scratch. H. E. Neville, of the Surrey Walking Club, in a start, was second. D. Razzell, of the Polytechnic Harriers, with 2min. 56sec. time, was placed third—A. E. Harding, of the Guildford Harriers, 3min. 56sec., being ruled out when sprung away from Russell's mark.

Other features of the Brighton and County Harriers' sports were the victory of J. P. George, of the South London Harriers, by a yard, over J. B. Taylor, of Polytechnic Harriers, in the 364 yards' race, and the record performance accomplished by C. G. Wood, on July 21, 1897; George's subsequent win, with 12 yards' start, in the 200 yards' handicap in the fast time of 30.35sec.; the beaten record holder, J. E. Larner, of the Amherst, who beat the record holder to the South London Harriers and 10 yards' champion, J. W. Morton, in the level 100 yards' race in 18.25sec., and G. B. Kingsbury's defeat of M. D. Buck in a half-mile race over cycle pace.

BERNIE PAYNE'S CYCLING TRIUMPHS.

At Bath Ernest Payne, of Worcester (who was presented with a gold medal in commemoration of his winning the mile national cycling championship), won the Diamond Jubilee gold challenge plate and Ferrey's challenge cup, and the 100 yards' race, over J. B. Jones (of Wigan, second), and S. W. Lyle of Cambridge (third), in 10.2 sec. Lark afterwards won the Bath City 100 guinea gold challenge cup, won by Jones, and made his own property by beating C. Jones, of Wigan, in the five miles' handicap race in 3min. 34.5sec. A. E. Wilts (Tunney A.C.) was third.

At Notting Hill, in the London and Westminster Bank sports, the half-mile open London bank was won by P. C. Clarke (of London), and beat E. F. Judson (Union) by three yards, after an interesting contest, in 4min. 35.4sec.

Several cycling clubs took part in a meeting at Canning Town, and the race for the Peacock Club's championship aroused most interest. J. B. Taylor, the present champion of Essex, won after a very close contest with the Essex champion, J. H. Bishop.

FIRST CLASS CRICKET AVERAGES.

BATTING.

The qualification this week is thirty innings with an average of 40.

	Innings	Runs	Inns	Not Out	Aver.	Mos. T.
Hurst	27	2376	253	3	69.88	11
W. W. Armstrong (IV.)	29	1865	52	10	69.25	11
Quaire	42	1740	245	12	58.00	11
M. A. Nold (ENGL.)	47	2892	172	1	62.62	11
Denton	47	2892	172	1	62.62	11
Bryant	53	2118	729	6	45.6	11
P. W. Cook	57	2118	729	6	45.6	11
C. E. B. Wood	37	1701	2074	7	47.43	11
C. McGeary	34	1359	277	2	47.91	11
Taylor	26	1359	156	2	52.00	11
Kneller	26	1269	158	2	49.21	11
G. W. Wright	40	1213	165	0	45.32	11
Riley	16	1168	152	4	45.51	11
Irromer	38	1168	230	0	45.51	11
J. O. S. Poldine	27	1155	1684	4	46.0	11
E. W. F. S. Jackson	31	1155	1448	2	40.10	11

Signifies not out.

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

